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EPITAPH ON AN ACTOR.

A "funny fellow" supplies the following rather clever epitaph on an actor. The several "points" will be appreciated by the profession, if not by the general reader:

From early youth train'd to the Thespian art,
On life's great stage I've played my varied part;
My entrance was auspicious: never boy
In his *debut* received more flattering joy;
My first and second acts pass'd smooth away,
Alternately in study and in play.
I then advanced more forward in the scene,
And oft neglect made forfeits intervene!
My passion drew me into tragic scrapes,
All ill-laid plots brought with them dire mishaps.
Comic events, however, were not scarce,
And past dilemmas then became a farce.
Though want of property I've often known,
My wardrobe slender never made me groan.
In various shapes, not always at my ease,
I managed still to bustle through the piece:
Though wrong behind the curtain I might do,
My inward prompter kept me still in cue.
My drama now is done, the last act o'er,
My season finish'd, I must higher soar;
No more engagements on the stage I'll make,
Trusting my benefit above to take.

CHINESE POETRY.

A funny paper has furnished the world with the following song sung by a Chinese lady. It looks rather difficult at first, but if the reader studies it attentively he will see how easy it is to read Chinese:—

"Oho o me to th ete ashe pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo fthebe st,
'Twillpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
Itsq ua llt yal lwi lla ttest.
'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry,
Nob etter e anel sewh erebafou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er n eed b uy."

JEM MACE.

Born at Beeston, Norfolk, April, 1831.

Height, 5 feet 9 inches. Weight, 158 lbs.

TOM KING.

Born at Stepney, London, Aug. 14, 1836.

Height, 6 feet 2¼ inches. Weight, 177 lbs.

THE PUGILISTS AND THE FIREMAN;

OR,

NEW YORK AS IT WAS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE FANCY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JAS. C. POPE.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE ASTOR HOUSE—MRS. OLIPHANT AND THE PUGILIST—A VISITOR—A STRANGE STORY—"THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME"—MEETING OF THE SPORTS—A WARNING TO THE FIREMAN—IZZY LAZARUS—"FIRE!"—DALTON'S DESIGN TO BREAK UP CLIFFORD'S GANG—THE FIREMAN AND HIS ENEMY—A SHOOTING MATCH—STREET FIGHT BETWEEN THE FIREMAN AND THE MURDERING BRIGADE—ANDY BLAKE, THE "KNUCK."

At the earnest solicitations of Mr. Oliphant, Bill consented to accompany that gentleman to his rooms in the Astor, where, matters being explained, he received a broadside of thanks from the grateful Mrs. O., who, in exuberance of joy at her husband's salvation from murder, by the pugilist, attempted to force a well-laden purse into his hand, but Bill, feeling that he acted as any other man would do under the same circumstances, politely refused the kind reward, assuring the good lady that he possessed sufficient of the "wherewithal," for all present purposes.

"Tut, tut, man!" exclaimed Oliphant, who was giving orders to a domestic concerning himself. "You must accept some token of gratitude for the service you have done me. Where do you reside, and what is your name?"

The blunt manner of Mr. Oliphant pleased the pugilist more than it disconcerted him.

"I reside at No. — Elm street, and I am called Wm. Kernan."

"Just so," added Oliphant, turning to his wife, who was gazing at Bill with mingled pride and admiration.

"Mrs. O., record that in your memorandum, and please see that Jane is attending to what I ordered."

"Yes, Mr. O.," replied the lady, not moving a foot from where she stood, keeping her eyes rivetted upon Bill, who was wondering at the lady's manner, and felt abashed.

"Mrs. O.," reiterated the old gent., for the first time noticing her fixed attitude. "Why don't you—"

"I'm going," said the lady, heaving a sigh of relief, and as she reached the door, she mentally exclaimed—"He is one of them, sure."

It was evident that Mrs. Oliphant recognised in the pugilist's countenance something that unfolded a mystery, with which we are not yet acquainted, or she would not thus have acted in the presence of a stranger. Bill conceived as much, and appeared anxious to take his departure.

Signifying his desire to leave, promising to call again, he seized his hat, but was restrained by Mr. Oliphant, who reminded him that Mrs. O. was absent, and would be offended if she discovered him gone on her return.

While sitting and conversing over the Walker-street melee, a card was sent up to the room and delivered to Mr. Oliphant. Directing the messenger to usher the visitor to his room, he rang a small bell for a servant, who, quickly answering the summons, was told to inform Mrs. Oliphant to come to him immediately.

As Mrs. O. appeared at one door, the visitor appeared at another. "Why, Oliver!" exclaimed the lady.

It was Oliver Dalton, Mrs. O's brother. Warm greetings followed, and for the moment Bill Kernan was forgotten. Bill, deeming himself in the way, again attempted to depart, but this time he was prevented by Mrs. Oliphant, who introduced him to her brother, after relating the happy circumstance of his interposition in her husband's behalf.

"You are not the same man that met Moreton—"

"The same," replied Kernan, a little astonished at the interrogator, who was, like his sister, entranced, as it were, by some strange spell, unfathomable to him.

"Heavens!" uttered Dalton, *sotto voce* to his sister. "How like each other."

Apprehending that the pugilist might observe Dalton's agitation, Mrs. Oliphant whispered to her brother to follow her to a side room, and begging Kernan to remain until their return, they retired, leaving Mr. O. as perplexed at their singular conduct as Bill, who was beginning to experience the precise feeling that a cat does when in a strange garret.

While waiting for the return of the brother and sister, Bill fell into a deep reverie of thought, Mr. O's left jaw being too much in plaster to talk at any length, and in his rambling reflections, it seemed incomprehensible to him how he had placed himself in the position he then occupied. In the meantime, the servants removed Mr. Oliphant to his chamber, as he was growing worse under his bruises.

Returning to the apartment where Bill was seated, Mr. Dalton and his sister drew Bill into a conversation on the subject of his birth and parentage, but on these points of his history Kernan was utterly ignorant. All that he knew was, that he was reared and schooled by an old Irishwoman named Peg Kernan, but whether she found or received him from another, he could not possibly tell, as she died suddenly the summer previous, during the great cholera.

"And did she never give you any hint or clue to your birth?" inquired Dalton.

"None, whatever," replied Bill. "I often importuned her, but she evaded answering in detail, putting me off with promises until she died."

"That was too bad. Did she leave no papers to identify you by?"

"I never heard of any."

"Had you no relatives, that you can remember?"

"I sometimes have a faint idea of a woman, and whenever I enjoy the vision, a shade of blue appears, obliterating my view."

"Blue!" exclaimed Mrs. O., interrupting Bill. "Did you say blue?" Bill signified that he did, and repeated the word, adding in parenthesis, "sometimes red." Dalton and his sister exchanged significant glances.

"You will excuse my inquisitiveness," said Dalton; "but if you knew my reasons for making these inquiries, I think you would be astonished. However, I will allude to the matter another time, and as it is getting late, I think we had better say 'good evening' to Mrs. Oliphant."

Bill was suited to death in that proposition, and gladly seized his head gear, preparatory to a move.

"I shall call some time to-morrow," said Dalton to his sister, "and I guess Mr. Kernan will also be glad to do so."

"With all my heart," replied Bill.

"Don't fail now," returned the lady; "if you do, you know what you will get."

Once in the street, the two men were free to converse at more liberty, and immediately introduced the subject of the fight, when Bill gave his companion a full account of his interview with his backers. Upon invitation, Mr. Dalton accompanied Bill on his road to the sporting house in Division street, where he expected to find Moreton and his friends. As they passed into Chatham street out of Park Row, Bill peeped into Sullivan's old place; but there being none within that he was personally acquainted with, they passed on until they touched Pearl street, when Bill was accosted by the same individual who let him into the drugging secret, and taking him aside, imparted some information to him.

"Whoever that man may be," remarked Dalton, "his appearance denotes a knuck."

"He is one of Clifford's party," replied Bill, "but is working against him, as Clifford has done him some irreparable injury," and Bill continuing his remarks, they proceeded up Chatham Square. Once in Division street, they were not long in reaching "The Old House at Home," kept by the late Johnny McGrath, as true an exponent of sports as any man that ever lived.

"The Old House at Home" was a particular rendezvous for most of the fancy gentry, as Johnny was a well informed man on all events of a sporting nature, and was recognized as an able and judicious authority in solving and deciding vexed questions of dispute. That was before the dawn of the CLIPPER's era.

The interior of the "Old House" was a perfect bijou of a place. The walls, from ceiling to floor almost, were decorated with a variegated display of sporting prints and oil-paintings. Among the latter, the author distinctly remembers a large picture of the once famous Jack Randall. As a match to this counterfeit of the great boxer, a portrait in oil of Dan Donnelly was hung in juxtaposition with it, while above the two, as a set-off, was suspended a magnificent painting of Jem Ward, the present existing ex-Champion of the British ring, and bearing a favorable reputation as a painter in Fine Arts at London.

Scattered here and there, in profusion, were portraits of Izzy Lazarus, Geo. Kenseit, Mike Murphy, Old Father Tovee, Dublin Tricks, Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, Johnny Walker, Tom Secor, Awful Gardner, Jim Stewart (alluded to as referee elsewhere), Jack Clark, the Liverpool light-weight (killed a few years ago on board of a steamship, East River), Belcher Kay, of Boston; besides portraits of most of the celebrated masters of the fistic art, such as Cribb, Molyneaux, Cooper, Carter, Jackson, etc.

The portraits first mentioned were of great value to the possessor, and what became of them subsequent to McGrath's demise, we never could positively discover; albeit, it was reported that a distant relative of Johnny's claimed them, and exhibits them at a house somewhere in town. Be that as it may, to many of the old sports, Tom Quick included, the paintings disappeared *in toto*, for but few, if any, of their old admirers have set "blinkers" upon them since the original owner went "down among the dead men."

It was here that we left Jack Moreton and his "pals," and as Bill Kernan and Oliver Dalton entered, Jack was the first to welcome his late antagonist.

Quite a lively time ensued, drinking, smoking, and singing being the first order of the night.

Getting Clerkson into a corner, Bill informed him that if there was an alarm in the 7th before midnight, to look out for a fight, as Clifford's party were bent on assailing the company to which Clerkson was attached as foreman.

Examining his "repeater," the hands pointed near the hour when "grave yards yawn," and merely excusing himself to the boys, Frank hastened away. He could have had the assistance of every man he left behind him, but he did not wish to have pugilists mixed with firemen, in a street row, inasmuch as the former had enough to do to bear their own troubles, without adding those of others.

As soon as the fireman had departed from the assemblage, Bill revealed the conduct of his backers to Blake, privately.

"That is good news," remarked Blake; "and of course you are prepared to substantiate what you say?"

"To a dot," replied Bill; "and when I left them this evening, Clifford was in conclave with them. What they were to hatch up, I am not prepared to say, only look out for something new."

Discussing the affair at more length, Blake and Bill rejoined the company for a parting drink, when Izzy Lazarus walked in.

"Who do you think I just met?"

No one could tell.

"Well, I see that chap of the Points you call Clifford."

"That man always turns up when he's least expected," remarked Blake. "I often wonder, Izzy, why he opposes our boys so much."

"I don't know exactly, either," replied Izzy, motioning to the party to have "suthin" to drink; "only, as he thinks himself clever at knocking a man down, he hates to find men as good as he. The first time I came across him—you remember that time, McGrath?—'e had to go down. I was sitting one day, a talking with Johnny Walker and Moreton here, at the door of the "Falstaff," my house, gentlemen, in James street, when this Clifford comes along with a swaggering air; and as my foot touched his when he was passing by, he turned around, just so, and called me a hard name. I up and knocks him down, and as he got up, Moreton touched him a bit, an' Walker told him to 'go on,' or he'd get another dose of whip. He showed fight, an' all I had to do was put my 'ands up, and give him what he deserved. When he left, he swore vengeance on all fighting men, particularly 'gainst Moreton. To make matters worse on us, that fireman chap, Frank Clerkson, got a brushing with Clifford, over a bet he had at odds with him. You know of it, Mark?"

"We had a devil of a row," responded Mark, "and we would have got the worst of the scrimmage, had you not knocked Bob down."

"An' he thought it was you or Clerkson," added Lazarus, "that served him out, an' he's got it in his head for both of you; but you aren't scared of him, Mark?" and the old competitor of Owen Swift laughed until his fat sides shook as though he had a high pressure of ague. "Come, let's have something more," he cried, but before the party could "sing out," their ears were startled by a wild cry of "fire."

Rushing to the door, nothing could be seen to denote a conflagration, and they all returned to the bar except Kernan, who slipped away, previously seeing that Oliver Dalton was under the eye of Blake.

Drawing Blake into conversation, Dalton detailed to him the adventure between the two girls, Lilly and Hettie. This certainly was news to Mark, and he felt uneasy.

Acquainting Sullivan with the facts of the case, they all arrived at the conclusion that either one or both of the females were in Clifford's power.

"When we were assailed," said Dalton, "the girls ran, and I defended myself as best I could, until a foul blow, dealt with a slung shot, sent me down spinning. When I recovered, I found myself robbed, and among the valuables stolen was a paper that I prized as I prize my life. No doubt the assailants were members of Bob's gang, and I have sworn to avenge the assault, by wiping the whole crowd out of existence. To-morrow night, gentlemen, I shall begin the work, and if any of you desire to participate in an evening's pastime worth enjoying, I would be happy to accept your company."

All hands desired to attend, but of the whole, there were but two who were really needed—Jim Sullivan and Mark Blake.

With the understanding to meet at Hasty's the next evening, the party broke up, and parted for their homes.

* * * * * * * *

We will now turn to the fireman.

Upon leaving McGrath's, Frank's first impulse was to make for the engine house to warn the boys of impending danger; but, on a moment's consideration, he concluded to visit another locality, and make a reconnoisance. Going down Chatham street, he turned into Mulberry street, from thence he crept along until until he reached Cross street—now Park street—where he was saluted by the wretched creatures of the half-door establishments, but he noticed them not, and passed quietly along, verging into Orange street. The hall bell now hit off, and in a moment scores of men could be seen issuing from doors in the neighborhood, as if in response to the alarm.

As Frank entered Orange street, his quick eye detected piles of stones and brickbats, heaped miscellaneously in the gutters, a sight of which invariably calls to the vision of a New York fireman, a bloody street fight. Having a suspicion that danger was imminent to his company, if not to some of the other uptown fire companies, Frank halted, and reflected as to what course he should pursue. Making a brief survey of the immediate neighborhood, he discovered a suitable hiding place for better observation, where he ensconced himself at once, first seeing that his revolver, which he always carried about him, was in perfect barking order.

"They are in sweet temper," he mentally ejaculated, alluding to the barrels of his weapons, "and would talk handsomely. Hello! Hold your horses, Franky, my tulip, the devil will soon show his hoof—what's that?" and despite the darkness, the fireman's keen eyes revealed to him the unmistakable form of Bob Clifford on the opposite side of the street, who, after looking up and down the street, gave a low whistle, which was answered in the same strain, and several men showed themselves from doors and alley-ways.

"Scratch my old head," said Frank, "but it keeps up a devil of a thinking in the way of popping into that crowd;" and cocking his ears, he bent his head forward to listen to Clifford's orders to his brigade.

"If Six's boys run to this alarm, let 'em pass. Should the company we want to deal with pass in a race with another company, let them go; but if alone, the fight must begin. Waxall and Andy Black have got their crowds on the roofs of the corner houses. You fellows distribute yourselves around carelessly; some of you go to the opposite side of the street, and more of you lay at the corner of Mulberry street. When you hear my pistol discharge, let go your stones and give them hell. Now scatter."

The crowd dispersed, according to orders.

Frank was in a painful state of mental excitement, but he dared not venture from his place of concealment, for it would be the signal of his death were he discovered by any of the lawless and bloodthirsty crew awaiting the appearance of the firemen, hurrying on to combat with their fiery enemy.

Clifford stood in a doorway opposite to Frank, and the latter, keeping a watchful eye upon his foe, as well as the darkness would permit, felt that he could annihilate Bob in a moment, were he inclined to rid the earth of such a desperado.

"Before Clifford leaves that threshold," said Frank, "I'll physic him with some of Colt's pills—six a dose."

Americus Engine company went rattling to the corner, with 6 Hose in the rear. Manhattan Eight soon followed, 34's Hose next, and 47 Hose on their heels, pushing for the lead into the fire, which was in the vicinity of Fulton and Nassau streets. Frank's ears, accustomed to the rolling sounds of the different apparatus of the districts, informed him that his "bully boys" were still behind, and for their tardiness he censured his own absence from their head with his trumpet.

"If Charley Dudley's got the trumpet, the boys will fight game when attacked," concluded Clerkson, "and won't I be in with 'em though! Oh, no, indeedy. We'll see, though. Ah! I hear the engine coming. Now, you black, murdering dog, stir but a foot out of that door-way, and you'll curl your tail at my fire."

The engine company, unconscious of the danger threatening them, dashed madly down Chatham Square, and Frank's heart almost leaped from his bosom as they approached the corner, where the assault was to open their ranks. As the head of the rope reached the corner, Clifford raised his pistol in the air to discharge it, as per agreement, but ere he could work the trigger, Frank, with his revolver, sighted the villain's arm, as near as calculation was possible to obtain an accurate range, and anticipated his design, by lodging a ball in the arm that caused it to drop; the weapon exploding as it fell, driving a leaden messenger into the breast of one of his own gang, who ran from his hiding place on hearing the first report, taking it to be the signal of his leader. His mistake gave employment to the coroner the next morning.

Clerkson, without waiting to observe the effect of his shot at Clifford, rushed from the spot, and overhauling his company, who were somewhat alarmed at the two explosions, he shouted in a stentorian voice, "Vast! vast—to your axes and spanners!"

Recognizing their foreman, pistol in hand, a front was formed, and at the order, a charge was made, Frank directing some of his men to look out for the house-tops. The attacking party waited for the firemen to come up, and when within a few yards of their hiding place, a shower of stones were let loose, followed by the sharp cracking of pocket arms. Several fell wounded.

"Fire!" shouted Frank, when he perceived his men fall. A dozen or more pistols flashed, and the rascals broke; the firemen attempted to follow, but a volley of stones from the house tops drove them back. Again they charged, killing two of the gang that opposed them, but the odds were too great for the firemen, and they retreated, carrying their engine with them.

As the "fire laddies" retreated before a shower of missiles hurled into their ranks as a parting salute, Clerkson, in a voice of thunder, endeavored to stimulate them to stand fast, and make a final rally, but in vain. It was useless for them, they considered, to risk their lives against a band of lawless men; besides, the odds were too overwhelming to combat with their foes, and they "couldn't see it."

During the retreat of the "red shirts" up the square, several of the attacking party followed up. One of them, a raw-boned fellow, with muscles like twisted bars of steel, approached Frank from behind, with the evil design of assaulting the fireman with a cudgel, but he reckoned without his host.

Frank knew the fellow was behind him and allowed him to approach near enough so he could turn suddenly and collar him; and just as the man elevated the club, Clerkson stepped on one side, escaping as if by a miracle the compliment intended from his "wily foe," whose body was twisted to a "right about" by the momentum of the swinging bludgeon. This was an opportunity for Frank to "let out," and catching him a beautiful one on the side of the neck, he went over like a stuck bull. It was Andy Black, the pickpocket. When Andy gathered his senses together, he found himself a lone inmate of a damp, gloomy cellar, his body shackled with a chain to an eye bolt studded in the masonry.—To be continued.

A PUSSY-LANI-MOUSE AFFAIR.

Beneath these sods rests Tommy Cat,
And Pussy Cat, his loving wife;
About a mouse—large, sweet, and fat—
They fought and took each other's life:
They lived as man and wife should live;
For blows received, blows back did give;
They died, like many a wedded pair—
Kicking, scratching, and pulling hair.

THE VAMPYRE.

The peasantry of Hungary, Croatia, Illyria, Dalmatia, Poland, and Turkey, still believe in vampyres, and all attempts to eradicate the belief have failed. They hold that the vampyres, when buried, remain with their eyes open, and that their hair and nails constantly grow; that they come from the tomb at dead of night, and suck the blood of their victims—leaving no traces behind except a little red or blue spot on the neck or throat; and, finally, that the only way of getting rid of them is to cut off their heads and burn their bodies. A German paper relates the following curious instance of this popular superstition, which recently occurred at Spalatro, in Dalmatia:—

"A young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy peasant, had numerous suitors paying her attention, and from among them she selected one of her own station of life. The betrothal of the young couple was celebrated by a grand feat, given by the girl's father. Towards midnight the girl and her mother retired to their chamber, leaving her father and the guests at the table. All at once the two women were heard to shriek dreadfully, and the moment afterwards the mother, pale and haggard, tottered into the room, carrying her daughter senseless in her arms, and crying in a voice of indescribable agony, 'a vampyre! a vampyre! my daughter is dead!' The village doctor happened to be among the guests, and seeing that the girl had only fainted, administered to her a cordial, which restored her to consciousness; and he then questioned her. She stated that, as she was undressing, a pale spectre, dressed in a shroud, had glided in by the window, rushed on her, and bitten her on the throat—after which he had disappeared; and she added that she had recognized him as one Krysnewsky, a rejected suitor of hers, who had died a fortnight before. The doctor attempted to persuade the girl that she must be laboring under some delusion, but she persisted in her story. The parents and all the guests unhesitatingly believed that she had really been bitten by a vampyre, and they were very angry with the doctor for presuming to say to the contrary. The next day nearly all the men of the village, armed with guns, and all the women, proceeded to the cemetery, uttering dreadful imprecations against the vampyre, Krysnewsky. The coffin of the deceased was dug up, and then forced open, and being raised on end, twenty guns were fired at the skull of the corpse. The fragments of the skull were then collected, and, in the midst of savage dances and cries, they were burned in a huge fire, as was the body itself afterwards. The girl was taken seriously ill, and continued to get worse for about a fortnight, when she died. She constantly persisted in saying that she had been bitten in the throat by a vampyre, but she would on no account allow the doctor to examine the wound. After her death, however, he took the bandages from her throat, and found a small wound in the throat, which had the appearance of having been made by a harness maker's awl, and which had been poisoned. The doctor then learned that one of the rejected suitors of the girl was a harness maker of an adjacent village, and he did not doubt it was he who had stabbed the girl. He gave information to the authorities, but the young man, hearing that he was to be arrested, fled to the mountains, and committed suicide by plunging into a torrent.

MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TWELVE.

HOW I GOT PHIL SAMPSON'S "PICTER"—WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE—OLD ALEC REID'S CASE.

The only attractions about Mr. Sampson's house, except his good lady, are a few pictures of race-horses and greyhounds, his pet hobbies: you don't even see Newbold's print of the International, but that may be because his physiog isn't down there. In the tap room there is one solitary photograph of himself, with a hat on, probably to hide his highly polished cranium; it's a good likeness of him, though. I tried hard to get one, and although I didn't succeed in gaining that point, Mr. Sampson was kind enough to accompany me to the nearest picture gallery and sit for his daguerreotype, which is now held as a relic of my interview with this great man. When we got up in the saloon, corner of Hall street and Whitechapel, Phil wanted to know how I'd like him to sit. "On your dignity," says I, and you'd ought to have heard the "lady artist" roar. Mr. Sampson turned around to her and spologized that I had only recently come from a barbarous country, and didn't know no better—the old scaramouch! My first answer was a settler, for he said he'd sit to suit himself, and grabbing a book, he put his hat under the chair, and sat apparently in a deep study. The lady then took the bald part of his head, for that's the principal part in my picture—still I hadn't ought to grumble after making so much fun of him, and I will bet a *thou*sand dollars that nobody either here or in America has got a likeness from life of Phil Samson, except *myself* and *himself*. As I said before, he is bald headed, has little grey side-whiskers, a round, red, jolly-looking face, blue eyes, the slightest possible argument for a Roman nose, and a dimple in his chin; in height, he is probably five feet seven inches, and weighs at least two hundred avoirdupois. He dresses very neatly, like an old farmer; is honest, gentlemanly, and well-informed on general subjects, but a perfect oracle about race-horses, coursing, hunting, and all those aristocratic pastimes for which this country is so famous. I never heard him speak about fighting men at all. Though over sixty-two years of age, he looks good for another sixty. The difference between Phil Sampson's and Jem Ward's ages is but a couple of months, yet they are both as active and full of fun as men of thirty; Mr. Ward isn't even bald, and if he only used the Colorific dye, nobody would ever think he had seen his fortieth birthday. These two fine old English gentlemen, together with the tory-hater, Peter Crawley, or Young Rump Steak, as he was called, are sterling examples of how any man with proper resolution can steer clear of all the "rocks and quicksands" (to which none are more exposed than the successful pugilist,) and live to a ripe old age, respected and admired by everybody—men, women, and children—particularly the women.

I never think of these men but Old Alec Reid comes before my eye—in imagination, you know. That old rooster fought over twenty battles, and here he is, as poor as a church mouse, hanging around the different drums in London for any little favor his old friends may see fit to perform in a quiet way, just for old acquaintance sake, and to help keep the wolf from the door. Alec can't work, on account of his side being paralyzed; has a large family dependent on him for support, without knowing where his next meal is to come from. It can't be said of him, that he has lived "a short life and a merry one," because he's over sixty now. No, sir; bad luck killed Alec's prospects, if not in the ring, it has out of it. Poor Alec!

JEM CLARKE'S DRUM—A COMPANY OF NEW YORKERS—JIMMY CORBETT AND HIS CAREER.

Just back of Williamson square is Houghton street, a narrow, dirty thoroughfare, as hard to find as Jacob street is in New York, and not unlike that hide-ous locality. There are a number of streets in Liverpool which put me in mind of the Empire City. Here, in a porter-house called Houghton Abbey, (queer name for a gin-mill, ain't it?) lives Jem Clarke, who beat our old friend, Harry Gribbin, of California, in 57 minutes, 39 rounds, at Hoyton, near Liverpool, November 17, 1845, for £50 a side. Jem's place hardly deserves the big name it goes by—it's the devil's own abbey inside. Everything is of the roughest description; an old bench runs along the wall, pretty well greased from the number of fish-women who dignify it with their patronage; the bar is of unpolished pine wood, and back of it the "bar-parlor," made such by a partition wall; you can't get in the parlor without going behind the bar, consequently I didn't see it. A pretty rough set of boys had assembled, to be present at a foot race to come off that day a little out of town, one of the runners being backed from Clarke's. Jem came in, but hadn't time to stay long; we had a couple of horns, but, as I didn't make myself known, wasn't asked to attend the race. After Clarke had gone, I got in conversation with the bar-tender, Jimmy Corbett, who says he has a brother working at Tiffany's, in Broadway, about whom he is very anxious to hear (if the brother comes across this, let him take the hint). Corbett knows Bill Clarke, Harry Gribbin, Jack Bath, and most of the old boys, so we had lots to talk about. When Dan Kerrigan, Johnny Monaghan, Flory Mahoney, and Kit Burns were here, they frequently visited Houghton Abbey, and the Liverpudlians wanted to back Harry Burgess against Dan Kerrigan for a couple of centuries. Dan wouldn't have minded it a bit, only he was awful sick, and is yet; if the crowd had visited London (and I'm astonished they didn't do so), somebody would have got fighting, sure. Burgess is a good

man, we all know that, but he'd have a nasty boy to tackle when he took hold of Sailor Dan—"I'll bet yer."

This Jim Corbett's been a pretty good 'un in his day, and I don't know but we may as well put his doings on the record. Corbett was foaled Oct. 23, 1808, fighting weight, 12st, and started out for fistic fame and a merry life, by beating Peter Griffiths in 31m, 17r, at Aston Park, near Birmingham, in 1828; beat Edgar Tatham, 15m, 5r, 1828; beat Jack Green, 70m, 55r, 1831; beat Jack Matthews, 17r, Nov. 27, 1832; beat Jukes, 32r, Jan. 29, 1833; beat Shelton, 38m, 9r, April 23, 1833; beaten by Tom Britton, 80m, 19r, Jan. 13, 1838; beaten by Bob Heald, 58m, 40r, Sept. 22, 1840.

You can thus get an idea whether he's any good or not, and if right was right, it would be Clarke tending bar for Corbett, instead of the present arrangement. Corbett, but for his being so badly disfigured about the face, would resemble Hammer Lane considerably; like old Jack, he is now spare and thin, instead of fat and sleek, with none too much "filthy lucre," or rather, not enough, for I never saw the biped yet who had too much, or any other man.

Jem Clarke is about Gribbin's size, only more compactly built, with a regular fighting mug, something like Jimmy Carroll. His is the only live sporting house in the town; if Phil Sampson hadn't retired from milling, his drum would be the headquarters; it is only this fact that gives Clarke such prestige. That's all I've to say about Houghton Abbey.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOKER, Philadelphia.—"Did Dominick Bradley, when in New York, challenge any man in New York?"..... To begin at the beginning, as the saying is, we find, on referring to our files, that on the occasion of a benefit given to John Hasson, in Philadelphia, on the 19th of November, 1855, Bradley appeared on the stage, and offered to fight any man in the country for from $1000 to $5000. Mat. Rusk accepted, but owing to a disagreement as to the place of fighting, the proposed match fell through. Some time after this, it was given out that Bradley would fight Morrissey for $2000 a side; instead of Morrissey, however, Harry Gribbin accepted; but this was also knocked in the head, although Bradley came to New York to make the match. While here, one of Bradley's friends said there was one man he would like to see Bradley fight, and that was Hyer. A friend of the latter bet $25 that Bradley would not come to New York on the following Saturday to make a match to fight Hyer. Bradley did come, but as Hyer had not authorised any person to make a match for him, he, Hyer, did not attend, and the bet was awarded to Bradley. Hyer stated to some of his friends that if Bradley intended to fight him, he had only to see him on the subject. Morrissey, however, said that rather than B. should return home without a match, he, Morrissey, would fight him for $10,000. The friends of both interfered, and there it ended. We cannot discover, upon our record, that Bradley, while here, challenged any man in New York. In *Philadelphia*, he offered to fight any man in the country.

X. Y. Z., Trenton, N. J.—"A. matches his horse against B's, to trot mile heats on a day named, for $100 a side. The whole of the money is placed in the stakeholder's hands, nothing being said of forfeit, and no stipulations made except that the trot should take place at the time and place named, and be governed by the usual rules of trotting associations, or of the Union Course. On the day named, both parties appeared at the track; B is ready to go, but A refuses, and claims that after scoring, he can draw his horse by paying one half the bet ($50). B, on the other hand, insists that the whole of the money having been staked, and no stipulation made as to forfeit, the match was p. p., and that he is entitled to the whole of the stakes. Who is right in the matter?"..... B is correct—he is entitled to all the money staked.

EXCELSIOR.—"I have made a bet with a friend, that the steamer Mary Powell, which runs to Po'keepsie, has made once on a down trip from Po'keepsie, the great feat of running thirty (30) miles in the space of one hour; he says (my friend), that she never did. Will you please inform me through your well known paper, whether I am right or not."..... It has been so asserted, and a card to that effect was published in the daily papers, signed by several of the passengers; but as the captain is not prepared to state positively of his own knowledge that such was the case, it is impossible for us to decide. That the "Mary Powell" *can* do 30 miles inside the hour, with a favorable tide, if put to her utmost, is beyond dispute, her average running being 25 miles an hour, as we are informed by the skipper himself.

F. ROBERTS, Philadelphia.—"Will you explain the meaning of the expression, 'How's your poor feet?'"..... The origin of this slang phrase is traced to a London comic paper called *Fun*. The Prince of Wales had been travelling over mountains, plains, and deserts, mostly on foot, and when he got home, supposing he would be pretty well used up on his pins, the first question Lord Palmerston put to his royal nibs, was, "How's your poor feet?" That's about the size of it. How's *your* poor feet, eh?

J. P. M., Brooklyn.—Keep his mind and body employed as much as possible; let him have plenty of out-door exercise; and it would be well for him to avoid female society. Good and wholesome exercise will do more to restore him to his former self than anything else we can recommend. With this, and such advice as some good physician may give you regarding diet, etc., we think a cure can be effected.

P. M., Jr., Albany.—*Forty-Fives.*—Your demand was unfair and exacting. How could your opponent play a card, that at the time was not in his hand? Furthermore, the card could not win the trick; why then, should you wish him to throw up his hand, when nothing about his play was unfair? You could not compel him so to do, and if you have bet that you could, you have lost.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Charles Freeman (the American Giant) and the Tipton Slasher fought in December, 1842. They first met on the 14th of Dec., 1842. Darkness put an end to the fight on that day, and they again met on the 16th, but the police interfered; they met for the third time, on the 20th of Dec., 1842, and Freeman was declared the winner.

J. C.—1. The Eckfords were beaten by the Atlantic Club. 2. In the match with the Keystone Club, the Eckford's scored eight to their opponents nothing, in one of the innings, but not nine. It was the Athletic that scored *nine to the Eckford's nothing*, in one inning, in their match at Philadelphia.

SINCLAIR, Ashtabula, Ohio.—If you are not accustomed to the use of the bells, you had better commence with the lightest weights, and increase gradually as your strength improves. Do not practice too long at a time. The exercise is very beneficial when not over-done.

ZOUAVE, 10th N. Y. V., Camp near Falmouth, Va.—John Cooper Vail wrote our prize story called the Hebrew Gladiator. He is the same writer who some time since commenced another story for us, and abruptly terminated it.

W. D. C., Elmira.—Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones fought twice; the first time, Jan. 6, 1857, 62 rounds in three hours, when darkness came on; the second, Feb. 19, 1857, when Sayers beat him in two hours, 85 rounds.

H. H., Gen. Foster's Division, Newbern, N. C.—1. Mrs. Emma Robertson, now at Laura Keene's, was Mrs. Emma Brougham. 2. We are under the impression that the other party is in London.

W. JACKSON, Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va.—Papers were sent according to directions. If you haven't received them by this time, and you'll let us know, we will send more.

M. H. G., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The rules are not to be had except in the "Turf Register," a book published here annually; price one dollar.

P. Mc. C., South Cranston, R. I.—The "boys" will be anxious to see the color of your soap before taking hold in earnest.

M. E. P., Springfield, Mass.—Dora Dawron is in Buffalo. See "Music Halls," in our Theatrical Record.

MIX AND TAKE IT, Danielsonville, Conn.—Why not give us your real name in making a correction?

A. SEARLES, Belleville, N. Y.—Your subscription will expire with No. 49.—Two papers sent this week.

TOPSY, Cincinnati.—Will make the correction next week. Your items will be very acceptable.

J. H. M., London, C. W.—Drop a line to Mr. F. Butler, No. 3 Peck Slip, N. Y.

F., Baltimore.—Flora Temple has been beaten, but her time has not.

P. T., Pottsville.—Deaf Burke and Ben Caunt both visited this country, professionally.

E. E. K., Dayton, O.—He desires only first class performers.

A. K. HOLT, Hartford, Conn.—Thanks for *carte de visite*.

WASHINGTON.—Shall be glad to receive the items.

S. F. W.—We believe he is still in the city.

NAVY YARD.—He "has gone for a soldier."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—In the circus department of our record of amusements, will be found a well-written little poem, founded on a touching incident that recently occurred on one of the battle fields in Virginia. The author is Henri Rollinde, of the Rollande Brothers, the celebrated gymnasts and acrobats. We take great pleasure in bringing this beautiful little poem to the notice of our readers, and in commending the literary talents of our young gymnastic friend. See circus department.

"SPREES AND SPLASHES."—Look out for lots of such "special acts" about these holiday times, and at the same time be on the *qui vive* for a new book, by Henry Morford, of the *Sunday Atlas*, bearing the long drawn out title of "Sprees and Splashes; or, Droll Recollections of Town and Country. A Book for Railroad Rides and Odd Half Hours." The work is now in press, and will see the light some time in January, after we have all got over our New Year's day "sprees and splashes."

EXTRAORDINARY AND INCREASING RISE IN THE COST OF PAPER.

PRICE OF THE CLIPPER TO BE SIX CENTS PER COPY.

WE have endeavored as long as possible to continue the publication of the CLIPPER at the old charge of four cents per copy, but, with most of our cotemporaries, we are at last compelled to announce an increase in price. During the past three months the cost of white paper has been constantly on the rise, and we have all along until now submitted to the extra charges made by the paper dealers, without grumbling; but during the last few weeks their demands have exceeded all calculations, and paper that sold at *ten cents per pound* three months ago, we have now to pay *twenty-five cents for!* This "oversizes our pile," as our sporting friends call it, and we reluctantly announce that, beginning with the present issue, the price of the CLIPPER will be *six cents per copy*, until further notice.

OUR TERMS.

Single Copy of the CLIPPER	6 cents.
To Wholesale Dealers	4 cents.
To Retail Agents	4½ cents.
To Yearly Subscribers, per annum	$3 00.
To Half Yearly Subscribers	$1 50.

It is a well-known fact that the CLIPPER contains nearly twice as much matter as many of those papers of larger dimensions, and most of it fresh and spicy; it is also reliable, and perfectly independent. There may be larger journals, but they have not the confidence of the people to such an extent as the CLIPPER has. We trust that our compulsory increase in price, may not lessen the number of our friends.

THE THREE GRACES.

HEENAN—KING—MACE.

WILL HEENAN FIGHT IN ENGLAND AGAIN?

The telegraphic dispatches received from Halifax last week, which conveyed the first intelligence of the result of the late fight for the championship, were published in the daily papers, and in some of the sensation and unreliable weeklies, too, in such a garbled manner as to make it appear absolutely certain that John C. Heenan had challenged the winner of that contest, for $2,500 a side. We placed very little reliance in any of those reports. There is always a deal of buncombe talk, among pugilists and others, at the termination of any extraordinary pugilistic contest—enough talk, in fact, to give us a battle every day for six months. The slightest remark made by any noted pug is magnified into all sorts of challenges, and it takes him a long time to undo the mischief which the panic makers and their satellites have created. John C. Heenan has issued no such challenge as that imputed to him; on the contrary, what little he did say at this last sensation fight, was of a directly opposite character. Just before the train started for the scene of action, Heenan, who was on the platform, became a centre of attraction, and a large number of the upper class held a conversation with him touching the event in hand, and the probabilities of his entering a claim for the next chance for the belt. One party suggested that he should challenge the winner of the fight they were about to witness. His reply was—and the language is just such as the Boy would use—"No more fights for me." And no doubt he meant it. We are confirmed in this opinion by a late letter we received from him for Coburn, and which Coburn permitted us to peruse. In that letter, Heenan expressed his willingness to back Coburn to fight Goss, provided the latter would meet Coburn in Canada. He stated that it would be impossible to get another fight off in England, like that he had been engaged in, and for that reason it would be folly to make a match to be decided in that country. It was intimated that Ireland or France might answer very well, but England would not. When Heenan left here on his present visit to Europe, it was generally believed that he would have another trial for the belt before he returned home. And it is not improbable that such was his determination at that time. His intercourse with some of the most influential men in London and elsewhere, has convinced him that it will be to his interest to fight no more in that country; this advice he has had from men who have every facility for ascertaining the why and the wherefore, and who wish to preserve the American from treatment similar to that he met with during the progress of his match with Sayers, and at the ring side at Farnborough.

It may be urged with some show of plausibility, that Heenan would be the favorite in a match with either King or Mace—that the odds would be on him, and that the layers of the odds, having a big interest at stake, would see that he was not molested. Yet, it may be said in reply, that there would be a national feeling in the matter, and that in the probable event of the American winning the belt, there would not be wanting scores of men to create a wrangle like that which occurred at Farnborough, and by which Heenan was defrauded out of the prize at stake. Jack McDonald has written to us the same thing, and he is a capable judge of pugilistic matters.

Mace, we see, has already issued a fresh challenge, and deposited £20 to fight King once more, for £500 a side, and the champion belt. It is also mentioned that he had offered King £50 to renew the fight in a fortnight. This, of course, King would not accede to. It is announced in some of the London papers that King would retire on his laurels, leaving the belt to be fought for by those who crave the honors more than he craves them. Whether this announcement is made on King's authority or not, we have no means of knowing at present. We have no doubt some response was made to Mace's challenge on the giving up of the stakes. The rumor of King's retiring from the ring has led to the opinion that if he has done so, it is for the purpose of giving Heenan a chance to meet Mace, as the latter has so repeatedly expressed his desire to fight the boy above all others; but Heenan's own words—"No more fights for me"—just before starting to see the late contest, seems to preclude all idea of the Boy fighting again in England. He may, probably, propose to have a set-to in Ireland, but then it is well known that the champion is not obliged to fight outside of England. We think it more probable that King and Mace may come together again, instead of Heenan and Mace, or Heenan and King. The latter would make the most exciting match, being about equal in height, weight, age, and reach. We shall know more about the probable contestants for the next fight for the belt, in time to announce it in our next week's CLIPPER.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—In another part of the CLIPPER may be found a full report of the late contest for the Champion Belt of England, between Tom King and Jem Mace, in which the then champion met with a defeat. We are not surprised at the news, as we foretold the result of this battle as far back as February last. In the issue of the CLIPPER bearing date February 22, 1862, we gave an account of Mace and King's first meeting for the championship, when King was beaten. In commenting on that struggle, we closed an editorial with the following sentence:—

"Our confidence in King is not in the least shaken by the result of this fight; on the contrary, our faith in his ability to beat Mace is greater than ever, and in the next contest—for no doubt another match will be made between them—*he will snatch the laurels from the brow of Mister Mace.*"

It will be seen that there is no "ifs" or "buts" here, but a square prediction, made nine months in advance. While their last match was in progress, we repeatedly made mention of the men, and of their respective chances of success, and we have invariably intimated that King "was the coming man," as the result of the late contest has conclusively proved.

SKATING.—We have had a little skating since our last, some of the ponds in the vicinity of the city giving our friends a chance in the early part of the week, but the lake at Central Park was not sufficiently hard to warrant the raising of the ball. Everybody, almost, is on the *qui vive* for the first sound of "ball up." The girls are in great fidgets, and are preparing the nattiest sort of costumes for their advent upon the icy field at Central Park. The girls look for a brilliant season.

HOW TO SKATE, where to go, what to do, and all the minutiæ connected with the wholesome and fascinating pastime of skating, can be learned by a perusal of the "Skater's Manual," by Ed. L. Gill, 702 Broadway. It's a cheap little thing, only one shilling, and well worth the cost.

MEETING OF THE GLADIATORS.

A NEW CHAMPION.

At last we have the result and full details of the pugilistic contest between Tom King and Jem Mace, the prize at issue being the Champion Belt of England, and £400 in money. Jem Mace, as we anticipated, has sustained defeat at the hands of a man greatly his superior in height, weight, strength, and length of reach. Mace, undoubtedly, made a bold stand against his stalwart opponent, and at one period of the fight *looked* all over the winner. The first part of the battle seems to have been without any decided advantage on either side. Jack McDonald, who seconded King, appears to have instructed his man to lose no time, but to get to work when and where he could, evidently with the intention of finding out his opponent's vulnerable points. To this end, King acted on the offensive, but Mace stopped many a well-intended compliment, and got in with a return more frequently than King calculated upon. The honors were easy up till about the tenth or eleventh round, when Mace seems to have taken a fresh start, while King was *evidently* falling off. Jack McDonald is a skilful general, and we are not sure that King was not acting according to orders, at this stage of the battle, when he exhibited such a change for the worse. Certain it is, that both were equally strong on their legs, and the punishment was about equally divided. We find that King had already gained the event of drawing first blood, and although Mace seemed to be coming more and more into favor after the tenth round, yet the reader will please observe that there was a second point which had not yet been decided, the first knock down. Although *apparently* falling off, we find King winning this second event in the thirteenth round. In the very next round, we notice Mace throwing King "a heavy back fall," and odds of 2 to 1 were offered on the Champion. In the 15th round, *King was lothe to leave his corner*, and in this and the subsequent two or three rounds, Mace had much the best of it, and in the 18th round, the odds on Mace had gone up to 5 to 1! It is probable that this was what Jack McDonald was wishing for; he is a betting man, and a shrewd one, too; and studies the moves of the game a long ways ahead. We do not say that this *was* the object, but it looks so to us. A better second than Jack McDonald does not, probably, exist; his judgment is most excellent, and very seldom at fault. The betting had reached a high point—two important events had already been gained by King, upon which, no doubt, a good deal of money had been invested, and the critical moment for seizing the third opportunity had arrived. One of the London journals calls the round which followed, a "sensation round," and so it was, and so, we think, it was intended to be. "Strategy" was the order. We now find King feinting to draw out his man, and he *did* draw him out, and before the Champion was able to recover his position and guard, King saw the moment had arrived, and gathering all his remaining strength, he aimed a terrific and well-prepared blow direct at the head of his antagonist. It took effect, full force, on the left side of Mace's face, almost crushing through the bones, and the Champion fell, bleeding and bruised, the fight all knocked out of him, and himself insensible. This blow ended the fight, although Mace essayed a couple more rounds, but only to be knocked down again. King walked to his corner, *laughing at his triumph!* His second's strategy had won the day, and well might his partisans cheer, and the friends of Mace exhibit "the greatest consternation." The London journals, we notice, call this tremendous discharge of King's, a "chance shot," an "accidental blow," etc. We don't look upon it in any such light—we believe it was intended just as it was delivered. We can see nothing at all "accidental" about it. King saw the opening, and he at once "moved upon the enemy's works with his entire force." We have all along intimated that Mace would not be able to stand against a really hard hitter. He depends upon his science and judgment to pull him through, while King found comfort in his strength. It was a good, square fight, in which the Champion was defeated, and it will not do to say that King is an accidental winner.

LETTER FROM McDONALD.

THE following letter from Jack McDonald, written a few days before the late fight for the championship, shows his estimation of the condition of the two men:—

LONDON, November 23, 1862.

DEAR QUEEN.—King and Mace fight on Wednesday, instead of Tuesday. I have just seen King. He looks healthy and well, but does not appear to me to have gone through a thorough good training; nor do his eyes look as bright as I should like to see them. On the other hand, I know that Mace has had a great preparation, and I think he is well prepared for a long fight. I send you this note to inform you of the day appointed for the fight, so that you may not be looking for the news by the usual mail. They go by train, to start at 5 A.M., Wednesday morning. I think we will have a good fight. Yours, truly,

JOHN MCDONALD.

LETTER FROM JOE ROWE.

To show what an interest is manifested on the other side the Atlantic to keep us thoroughly posted "right on the jump," we give the following letter from our correspondent, Old Joe Rowe, once a competitor for the English Championship himself. It was written the very day of the great champion fight:—

"'THE GRAPES,' Paternoster Row,
Union street, Nov. 26.

"EDITOR CLIPPER:—*Dear Sir:* The fight between Mace and King came off this morning at Thames Haven, where, after fighting twenty-one rounds in thirty-eight minutes, Tom may be said to have won it in the nineteenth round, when he hit Jem such a tremendous right-hander on the nose, flooring him like an ox, that Master Mace never got over the effects of it. Tom talks of retiring on his laurels.

"The mill between Jack Hicks and Jem Gollagher, the same day, lasted upwards of two hours, being stopped twice by the bobbies. They fought in the first ring exactly one hour, and in the second, twenty minutes, when both agreed to a draw.

"Joe Goss won his fight yesterday with Posh Price in one hour and forty minutes. I suppose your American man, Joe Coburn, will now get his chance in regular order. In haste,

JOE ROWE.

ON THE RAMPAGE.—All the papers, respectable, religious, and Sabbath, have been deeply exercised about the pugilistic meeting between King and Mace. Isn't it a little strange that while condemning such proceedings, there is always the greatest competition among the so-called "respectable papers" to be the first to spread the "disgusting details" before their readers? Doesn't it evince a taste on the part of such readers for those "disgusting and brutal prize fight" reports? Doesn't it? And doesn't it also show that even the report of a "brutal prize fight" is a god-send to our "respectable" cotemporaries in the absence of anything better calculated to amuse and instruct their patrons? Verily, we must begin to advise our pugilistic friends to hold their heads up in the world, when their movements claim such general attention. Why, a championship battle in the prize ring seems to be of more importance, just now, than the taking of Richmond.

NOT YET.—Our armies have not yet taken the rebel capital. This Richmond seems to be a terrible place. In the language of Shakespeare we might exclaim—"Methinks there be *six* Richmonds in the field." Like Richard III, Burnside is still "seeking for Richmond in the throat of death." Let the radicals "hold their horses," and the rebel capital may yet be captured.

AFTER THE GAMBULIERS.—On the 2d inst., the Grand Jury of San Francisco indicted thirty-six gamblers, causing, thereby, a perfect stampede among the gay fraternity. A rigid anti-gambling law will also be a principal reform measure asked for by the next State Legislature. So look out, boys!

BRADY'S GYMNASIUM.—A reception and hop will take place at Brady's Gymnasium, No. 20 St. Mark's Place, on the 18th, when the Parlor Gymnastics will be introduced; also, "Zampill," L'Echelle, La Perche, etc. Among other feats to be performed will be the lifting of 1500 lbs., by a gentleman of this city.

THE BROOKLYN CHESS TOURNAMENT closed on the 13th inst., Mr. Rice taking 1st prize, winning 9 out of 11 games, Mr. Perrin 2d, winning 8 out of 11, and Mr. Chadwick 3d, by winning 7 out of 11. Another tournament will be commenced next week, same terms as last.

JOHN MORRISSEY lost $1,800 on the recent fight between King and Mace. John should have read the CLIPPER'S article a little more attentively, before investing.

SKATING.

The skating community were early last week treated to a foretaste of the pleasure King Frost has in store for them this winter, for the extreme cold weather of Saturday and Sunday, 6th and 7th inst., covered all the public and private skating ponds with about four inches of good strong ice, which afforded crowds the opportunity to take the rust off their old skates, and the polish off their new ones, while enjoying the first skating of the season. As we intend to keep our readers well posted up, this season, in reference to the doings of the skating community, and the localities of the several ponds where good skating is to be had, the first thing we did, after the weather had prepared the ponds for use, was, to send our special skating reporter on a tour of inspection, and we give the result of his observations below:—

THE CENTRAL PARK PONDS.

The several ponds in the Central Park were entirely frozen over during the recent hard frost, and on Monday, 8th, the water was lowered to the winter level. No one, however, was permitted to go on the ice, nor will any be allowed to skate on the ponds until the ice is sufficiently strong to bear all that can crowd upon it. A large building, designed for a refreshment saloon and ladies' retiring rooms, has been erected on the space of ground to the left of the bridge, and adjoining the main carriage road; besides this, smaller buildings have been built, for the purpose of accommodating visitors at the lower pond, and also in several other localities adjoining the main pond. The refreshment department will be in charge of Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, and the skate department under the control of the brothers Walton, who so well discharged the duties of their position last winter. The prospects are that the season's sport will be the best that has yet been had on the Park Ponds.

THE FIFTH AVENUE POND.

Passing up Fifth avenue on our way to the Central Park, on approaching the entrance, we came in sight of the new skating pond which is to be devoted to the use of the "upper ten." It occupies the enclosure within lines bounded by Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth streets, and Fourth and Fifth avenues, a space 1000 by 500 feet in extent, making the largest enclosed skating pond in the United States. On Fifth avenue side a building 250 feet long has been erected, on which are located the several offices appropriated as cloak, skate and retiring rooms, and also a large room for a refreshment saloon, together with a private apartment for ladies; indeed, the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of subscribers will be unequalled, and will make the place one of the most popular localities of the kind in existence. Our "best society" are to monopolize this pond, it being an exclusive affair altogether; so that there is a chance that the poor frail delicate beings that compose the feminine portion of the fashionable classes of the metropolis, will have an opportunity afforded them for once, to have a natural color in their cheeks. Some time this week it is expected that the buildings will be in a sufficiently forward state to admit of an inspection of the place, and therefore a grand "private reception" will take place, and champagne will flow, and the nabobs of an hour will congratulate each other, and the editors will be flattered out of a good puff, and there will be a great to do all round in the way of a splurge. Well, we shall have no objection in such a cause as skating. Anything, so that we get our people to devote a little more time to physical culture and less to the worship of the dollar, and its consequent mental toil.

SKATING IN BROOKLYN.

On Saturday, Dec. 13, the Capitoline Club Pond was inaugurated, the ceremonies on the occasion being the raising of a fine American flag, and the delivery of some appropriate speeches by several distinguished clergymen. The pond is a very fine one, having an area of water surface somewhat larger than the Union Pond, it being about fifty feet longer, the width being the same. The water was turned on Dec. 4th, and was cut off on the 13th, the porous nature of the ground absorbing a large quantity of water. The buildings will be completed this week, and will afford all the accommodation required, though they are not as extensive as those on the Union or Washington Ponds.

The water on the Union Pond was allowed to flow in on Saturday, and by Saturday night it was filled: so firm and secure are the embankments, and so excellent the foundation of the pond. The new Pagoda presents a handsome appearance in the centre of the lake, and will be a very great ornament to the place. The buildings are the most finished and complete of any of the private ponds, and are decided and marked improvements on those of last winter.

The high fence around the Washington pond is nearly completed, and will be the means of breaking the force of the wind that sweeps across the vacant lots in this vicinity, and also keep the dust from blowing on the pond. The Washington pond has furnished its subscribers with three days' excellent skating this season already, and in this respect has excelled its rivals.

The Nassau pond has also been crowded with visitors, the skating on this pond being very good since the 7th inst. On Wednesday, the 10th, they had a grand opening, on which occasion quite a good time was had among the members.

The Monitor and Willow ponds are two new places that have been added to the list of private ponds since we last gave a description of them. The former is situated at Greenpoint, and is the longest pond of all, being over 900 feet in length. The Willow is located near 48th street, Gowanus, and is said to be quite an attractive pond. What with the New York and Brooklyn ponds, together with those that already exist and those in process of completion in Jersey City, Hoboken, Staten Island, &c., the skating community will be afforded ample means this season for a full enjoyment of this favorite sport.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARD "MATINEE."—An assembling of A 1 billiard players took place at Mr. Michael Geary's saloon, No. 22 Cortlandt street, on the evening of the 10th inst., according to announcement in last week's CLIPPER. Quite a large number of amateurs and those who like to watch the motion of the spheres, were also present. The gathering was a sort of public reception to Goldthwaite, late billiard champion of Boston, but who has now taken up his headquarters at the establishment above named. Two carom-games were played, one of 500 points, between Goldthwaite and Kavanagh, and one of 250 points, between Deery and Stone. In the first, both exhibited their usual skill, but the Boston youth maintained a lead pretty nearly all through, and when he was at 450, it looked as though he had a sure thing. Like many other "sure things," it "fell through," for Kavanagh got the jokers together, and spread himself, making the famous count of 118, which put him out, with two to spare, while Goldthwaite stood at 450. The second game, between Deery and Stone, although both put in the "big licks" occasionally, was not so interesting, as it soon got like the handle of a stone jug, Deery winning by no less than 130 points. The Young 'Un carries too many guns for the "Old Sport" now, but there was a time when, perhaps, a more even thing would have been recorded. If Deery had Stone's experience, or Stone had Deery's execution, then we should see "what we should see." Goldthwaite has improved vastly, and is now a tough nut to crack, indeed. Most of the younger players, however, have a hard row to hoe when they encounter Kavanagh, who is a regular warhorse, and never beaten till the last point is scored, as is proven by this match. The following are the tables of counts in both games:—

KAVANAGH.			GOLDTHWAITE.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	0....	0
2..	10....	10	8....	8
3..	4....	14	0....	8
4..	4....	18	15....	23
5..	2....	20	8....	31
6..	0....	20	9....	40
7..	0....	20	16....	56
8..	2....	22	5....	61
9..	15....	37	7....	68
10..	7....	44	0....	68
11..	0....	44	3....	71
12..	38....	82	1....	72
13..	25....	107	36....	108
14..	0....	107	3....	111
15..	0....	107	6....	117
16..	5....	112	6....	123
17..	51....	163	6....	129
18..	29....	192	6....	135
19..	0....	192	40....	175
20..	10....	202	6....	181

KAVANAGH.			GOLDTHWAITE.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
21..	28....	230	57....	238
22..	35....	265	5....	243
23..	0....	265	3....	246
24..	6....	271	8....	254
25..	3....	274	51....	305
26..	13....	287	37....	342
27..	0....	287	3....	345
28..	8....	295	3....	348
29..	0....	295	14....	362
30..	9....	304	14....	376
31..	2....	306	0....	376
32..	6....	312	6....	382
33..	13....	325	2....	384
34..	10....	335	6....	390
35..	4....	339	2....	392
36..	30....	369	23....	415
37..	9....	378	0....	415
38..	4....	382	10....	425
39..	2....	384	16....	441
40.	118....	502	6....	447

STONE.			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1..	0....	0	4....	4
2..	8....	8	22....	26
3..	5....	13	3....	29
4..	0....	13	15....	44
5..	18....	31	28....	72
6..	0....	31	22....	94
7..	2....	33	4....	98
8..	0....	33	22....	120
9..	2....	35	8....	128
10..	22....	57	4....	132
11..	0....	57	52....	184

STONE			DEERY.	
Shot.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
12..	0....	57	2....	186
13..	2....	59	0....	186
14..	7....	66	34....	220
15..	0....	66	3....	223
16..	0....	66	5....	228
17..	15....	81	0....	228
18..	3....	84	2....	230
19..	0....	84	2....	232
20..	9....	93	2....	234
21..	25....	118	5....	239
22..	2....	120	12....	251

AVERAGES.

Kavanagh's	22 and 12 over
Goldthwaite's	11 and 7 over
Deery's	11 and 9 over
Stone's	5 and 10 over

PHELAN VS LITTLE.—Subjoined is the score of the last match played by Mr. Phelan in California, on Nov. 8th, in which he was beaten, after winning every other contest in which he was engaged:

Phelan—2, 5, 3, 0, 0, 2, 0, 10, 12, 7, 13, 4, 0, 9, 13, 41, 15, 0, 6, 57, 0, 1, 6, 0, 28, 16, 15, 17, 9, 25, 12, 54, 48, 13, 39, 25, 69, 30, 19, 6, 14, 16, 7, 17, 62, 0, 2—743.

Little—44, 65, 7, 2, 8, 14, 33, 29, 10, 80, 77, 0, 10, 0, 106, 0, 0, 8, 0, 53, 7, 0, 37, 2, 20, 12, 77, 22, 0, 0, 8, 0, 16, 17, 40, 12, 12, 4, 17, 4, 24, 0, 8, 24, 34, 9, 40, 7, 2—1001.

PHELAN'S TABLES.—Dan Lynch, of California, takes six of them to China. Bully for the Celestials.

DEERY AND GOLDTHWAITE.—A match between these men "for soap" is talked of.

CONNER VS BRAISTED.—A match is to be played by these well known billiardites, at Braisted's rooms in Fourth avenue, on Thursday evening, 18th inst., and the "mopusses" are up. Go and see it.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 287.

CIRCUSES.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE PRESENT AMERICAN REBELLION.

These lines, written impromptu, having never before appeared in print, are respectfully inscribed to "UNCLE" SAM MILLER, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., By his sincere friend, HENRI ROLLANDE, Of the celebrated Gymnasts—the Brothers Guillaume and Henri Rollande.

'Twas the battle-field—and the cold, pale moon
Shone alike on the dead and the dying,
And the wind swept o'er with a dirge and a wail
Where the young and the brave were lying;
With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
For the grave's icy sleep there had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and gloom,
Came a soldier—his plunder seeking;
Fearless he step'd where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking;
Drawn by the glare of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it,
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his manly heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honor'd the brave, who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.
"A soldier's death thou hast bravely died,
And a soldier's grave won by it;
Before I'd take that sword from thy hand
My own life's blood should dye it."

Then dug he a grave in the cold clay earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping,
And he left him there, in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

Geo. Woodruff, formerly with Mabie's Circus, who was injured some time ago, is still unable to do anything, his leg being quite stiff. Woodruff, who has been in Chicago, has been anxious to get to Philadelphia. The members of the company have been very kind to him, and on the 6th they raised enough among themselves—the proprietor not contributing anything—to send him home. Among those who contributed was John Howes, nephew of Seth Howes. Seneca Wright, proprietor of an eating saloon in Chicago, also contributed.

Nixon's Circus is doing a splendid business in Alexandria, Va. For several nights since their opening, money was returned to numbers who were unable to get inside. Eaton Stone, the great bare back equestrian, is one of Mr. Nixon's cards. Eaton has recently got hold of a horse which is said to be one of the best animals ever introduced in the ring; he is performing with him now in Alexandria. Some of the boys have their quarters in the house where Col. Ellsworth was killed.

Geo. R. Brunson, circus advertising agent, is now in Ridgway, Kansas, getting together some stock.

King's Circus opened under Nixon's canvas, in Washington, D. C., on the 8th. Nixon had "moved on the enemy's works" in Alexandria. King was not doing well.

MUSIC HALLS.

There has been quite a flare up at the Continental, Philadelphia. It appears that Wolf, who has been running the place, agreed to sell the premises to Mr. R. Fox, of the Casino, for $500. Possession was given him on his paying Mr. Wolf $250, a note at thirty days being taken for the balance. Mr. Fox gave one entertainment, on the 9th; on the following day, however, another party took possession of the place, denying that Mr. Wolf had any right to sell, or any interest in the property. This crowd seems to have intimidated the new purchasers, and they left in bodily fear. Therefore, Mr. Fox commenced suit against Mr. Wolf, and he was held in $3,000 to answer. During the balance of the week, we understand, the place was supposed to be in the keeping of Mr. Fred. Ames, who gave the usual entertainments there. We are sorry to hear of these difficulties. They can do no good, but are rather calculated to bring all parties into bad odor with the public. In most cases, the performers are the real sufferers by such eruptions.

The enterprise manifested by the management of the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, in continually adding to the talent of their company, and presenting to its patrons an excellent and varied programme, meets with, as it deserves, success. By a reference to their advertisement in these columns, it will be observed that the talent and number have been added to this week.

Frank Howard is just spreading himself all he knows, in the stage management of the Melodeon Concert Hall, St. Louis, Mo., and is also displaying to the best advantage, the talents of the gentlemen and charms of the ladies who take the cue from him. The following is the "Combination of Stars" that twinkle there every night: J. W. Andrews, Oscar Willis, J. V. Chadduck, J. W. Corcoran, Frank Howard, J. S. Bernard, W. H. Griffin, W. H. Storey, Prof. Wavoo, Leon Berger, Don Santiago Gibbonoise, Ada Laurent, Marion Hinkley, Sophia Walton, Emma Winthrop, Nellie Clifford, Fanny Weaver, Lizzie Davis, Julie Gray, Nelly Welsh, Millie Sanders, and Annie Stevens. Twenty-two people! and yet the worthy proprietors seek for more.

The tide that leads to fortune appears to have been taken at the flood, at the Washington (D. C.) Varieties, on the 3d inst., for since then, its first opening, until now, business has been immense. Nor is it to be wondered at; for such a company, under such directorship as Messrs. Hamblin & Co. have rallied under their standard, will "do jes so" all the time. Only to think of A. M. Hernandez, Jas. Pilgrim, Mons. Grossi, Thos. Simpson, Mons. Szollosy, Mons. P. Berger, Dick Sands, Mons. Moreste, D. W. Reeves, Miss Kate Marshall, and M'lle Whelpley, besides about as many more talented artists, all in one company! If this standard is kept up, Washingtonians will have to apply three days in advance to secure back seats, even.

Bob Hart opened the Norfolk (Va.) Melodeon on the 11th to a full house. The negro eccentricities of Bob, Lew Simmons, Sam Ryan, and Pic Butler; the dancing of La Petite Ella, M'lle Jennie and Clara Berger, and the singing of Emma Whiting and Agnes Sutherland, were highly applauded.

T. M. Hayes, clog dancer, is at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C. Annetta Galetti and Mons. Velarde are also there. The two latter appear at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 22d.

The Bowery Music Hall, St. Louis, re-opened on Monday night, the 8th inst., and though not entirely finished yet, shows a vast improvement over the old Hall. The house was crammed, and everything went to show that the old order of rushing business is to be resumed. Miss Gus Walby, M'lle. Leonora, and the Clinetop Sisters, are the principal ballet dancers; Boyce and Purdy are the eccentric negro performers, and Masters Wally and Tommy are not the least attractive among the performers.

Wilsey & Osborn, the whilom proprietors of the Melodeon, St. Louis, are again in possession of that place. Miss Ada Laurent is now dancing there; also, W. H. Griffin, the jig dancer, J. W. Andrews, J. W. Corcoran, and Oscar Willis, are in the company, which is a good one. Gibbonnoise, the "boneless man," puts himself out of shape nightly.

"The Dumb Man of Manchester," in which Tom Coney and Ed. Berry do the Dumb Man and "Edward Wilton," is now the afterpiece at the St. Louis Varieties, where business continues to flourish. Constantine has a new ballet on the bills, "The Harvest Festival;" very pretty, and showing the whole strength of the ballet troupe. Miss Sophia Walton commenced an engagement on the 8th inst.

The music halls of Philadelphia have a large share of talent engaged, some of it commanding very high salaries. Since our last, there have been a number of changes, of which, and the business doing, our correspondent, "Wattie Rusher," thus writes, on the 11th inst:—"Bradford's Olympic, Philadelphia, opened on the 8th inst., to a medium house. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Bradford opened so near the holidays, as business is never on the rampage until the good old days themselves come. His company is fair, with the exception of the ballet..... The houses at the Melodeon are about the same. Maffit and Bartholomew returned on the 8th, from Pittsburgh.....The Continental is truly a wonder to all knowing ones. Mr. Wolf, by some peculiar working, has managed to crawl out of his den. Dame Rumor accepted the story, proved it, and declared that if a Wolf could not sleep there, a *Fox* could, and so it goes. My opinion is that neither Wolf nor Fox has anything to do with it, but that Fred Ames is the lucky individ., and nightly pockets the receipts. Ames has *aimed* at the game, and fetched it. The company will remain the same a week longer, when some startling changes will be made, and blood will flow from decapitated heads. The report that Emma Gardner was dancing here, was not only false, but malicious..... Miss Louisa Payne has divided forces at the Kossuth, she retaining *herself*, James Keene, Jim Lewis, and Harry Macon; while Mr. Wray takes the Grotto, and runs *himself*, Tom Brookfield, Little Adah (a charming and very promising child,) Hank Mason, Rose Smith, Stratter, and Rhinehardt.....At Long's, things are peaceful—Miss Gilmore is still there; Harry Clinton, a young and enterprising man, has been added as balladist; Billy Matthews has riz. to the stage management.....At the Casino, all is well. Mlle. Zoe is certainly not sufficiently carded for one of her talent. Frank, when you are in our village, make it a point to call and see the dancing of this young artiste. Ernestine De Faiber is here, as large as life. Mr. Yates, the ballet master, has brought out a mythological extravaganza, entitled "Diana, the Goddess of the Chase." It is a *chaste* affair, and well gotten up. Katy O'Neil has left us and gone to Baltimore; she leaves many friends. Good bye, Katy. Mr. J. W. Ward will remain here a short time longer, as gymnast..... The Canterbury is cantering along as usual. 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea' is their adorable motto."

Dick Parker re-appeared at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., on the 8th. Geo. R. Edeson, formerly of 444 Broadway, N. Y., is stage manager here.

A brilliant *corps de ballet*, under the supervision of Harry Leslie, began an engagement at the Varieties, Pittsburg, on Monday, 8th inst. The Star Sisters, Augusta and Marie, continue to dance at the Varieties, and are immense favorites.

"Believe and ye shall succeed." The manager of Trimble's Pittsburg Varieties seems to understand the above motto, judging by the manner in which he judiciously uses printer's ink. For the past four or five weeks, he has had something new every few days, and this something he has "made known to all men," and women, too, by scattering "advers" in all the dailies, and by a very liberal supply of both programmes and posters. Some of the "Rip Vans" out there among the mountains, swear it is a sign of lunacy for a manager to literally throw the ink around, on bills and news sheets, as he does. But the knowing ones, who "believe and have faith," from experience, rejoice at his good sense, and tell the "fogies" to be still and hold their peace. One fact is undoubted; under the new system of liberal advertising, the Varieties has done a better business this season than it ever did before.

Miss Kathleen O'Neill, the Irish Nightingale, who has been performing a fine engagement at Fox's Casino, in Philadelphia, has closed out there, and is now engaged at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore. Kathleen will doubtless take well in the Monumental City. She commences there this evening, Dec. 15th.

The Varieties (with Hernandez,) Washington, has been doing well since the opening on the 3d.

Call. Wagoner "now occupies, in force," Myers Hall, Syracuse, N. Y. The opening entertainment was given on the 3d inst., before a large audience. The company is composed of Miss Millie Francis, jig dancer and wire walker; Sig. Abijah, juggler; Yankee Dan, comic singer; C. Rivers, clog dancer; Call. Wagoner, Ethiopean Delineator; Ben. Cummings, balladist; Master George, American prodigy; and C. Rivers, stage manager. Call and see the Wagoner's team.

Gilbert's Melodeon, San Francisco, appears to be very popular with Californians. As our readers on the Atlantic side may like to see a list of the company engaged there, we give the names, as follows—The Sisters Sophie, Irene, and Jennie Worrell; Ada De-Vere, Nettie Carlton, La Petite Sterling, Nora Rosa, Mary Gould, Johnny DeAngelis, Walter Bray, Billy Sheppard, E. Hamilton, L. V. Russell, John Woodard, P. Sterling, W. D. Corrister, F. Watterman, H. Williams, Sam Pride, and the McClellan Brass Band.

The Philadelphia Canterbury, under the management of Enochs & Gardner, continues to come in for a share of patronage. Some really clever acts are given in the various departments, and those who attend seem well pleased with the entertainments offered.

The authorities in Harrisburg seem to have been straining a point to get rid of Bob Edwards, of the Gaieties. In our last, we mentioned that Bob had been convicted of keeping a disorderly place, and "sent in." It now appears, that to make a sure thing of it, one or two enemies preferred six charges against him, viz: disorderly house, nuisance, tippling house, selling to drunkards, selling without license, and selling to minors. The jury acquitted him of all but the last, upon which he was convicted and sentenced to twenty days' confinement, and pay a fine of $20. Mrs. Edwards keeps the Gaieties in full blast, however, so that the effort to shut his place up, as well as himself, have been fruitless. If selling to minors can convict a man, there are very few that can escape. Our first-class hotels are guilty of selling to minors almost every day. Bob's offence was in selling lager bier to three minors, which, considering that some 30,000 persons have visited his place during the past eight months, was not such a great crime, after all. We think certain parties in Harrisburg got up this prosecution for blackmailing purposes.

Dora Dawron, after appearing in Chicago and Detroit, commenced a second engagement in Buffalo, at Carr's, on the 8th inst. Dora has had made an entire new suit of male attire, in which she contemplates singing the most dashing songs of the day. Her make up as a man is said to be great.

L. C. Brimmer commences an engagement on the 15th, at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo.

Canterbury Music Hall, Chicago, is doing as big a business as ever. Lew Benedict made his first appearance there on the 11th inst. A new hall is building next to the Canterbury, which is to be opened by Christmas.

Father Gulick's Old Folks sing this week in Freehold, Hightstown, Bordentown, Trenton, Burlington, and Camden, N. J., and go west through Pennsylvania, taking all the principal towns.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

Another band of minstrels has been wrecked, we are sorry to learn. In last week's CLIPPER we recorded the loss of the entire troupe composing the Boley Minstrels, while on their passage to the Cape of Good Hope. This week we record the shipwreck of the Christy Minstrels, but are happy to say that the boys all escaped with their lives, although losing nearly everything in their possession. The following letter, from James H. Melvyn, one of the members of the company, gives the particulars:—

CAPE TOWN, Cape of Good Hope,
Oct. 20, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—Since my last to you, events have been falling thick and fast on the Christy boys in this colony. We left here four weeks ago, and opened in Port Elizabeth (600 miles sea journey from here;) after playing two weeks, we went to Graham's Town for a few nights. We sailed for Port Elizabeth, on our return to Cape Town, on Thursday evening, Oct. 9th, and after encountering heavy gales, were totally wrecked off Struy's Point, on the evening of the 13th. We all managed to get ashore in the boats, and made ourselves as comfortable on the sands, for two days and two nights, as circumstances would permit. We then hired carts, and travelled 12 miles over land, and arrived here on the evening of the 17th, having lost everything, including dresses, properties, instruments, wearing apparel, and, in fact, everything except what we got ashore in. I am sorry to say we lost a considerable amount of cash, and all our jewelry, and Joe Brown's silver belt. However, I expect the good folks of Cape Town will present him with another. We are now all hard at work, getting the necessary things for our opening here on the 21st, where we play for a few nights, and then go on to Calcutta, per steamer Jason. Wash. Norton, Joe Brown, Nish, Rainford, Steele, and Stewart, all wish to be kindly remembered to you. Wash. sent you a photographic picture of the Christy's, which I hope reached you. [It came safe to hand, and those of the boys with whom we are personally acquainted, look as natural as life.—ED. CLIP.]

With every assurance of my regard, I am yours truly,
JAS. H. MELVYN, Christy's Minstrels.

A few additional particulars of the wreck are given in the *Cape Monitor* of Oct. 21st, a copy of which is before us. The vessel was the mail steamer Waldensian, Capt. W. A. Joss. The night of the 13th of Oct. was very hazy, and although extra watch was kept, the vessel struck a reef about 11, P. M. The ship broke in half after the passengers had been landed. One of the passengers writes—"The safety of the ladies was consulted first, and sixteen of them went off in two boats. It was a most affecting sight to witness the parting embraces of husbands, wives, and children. Tears streamed freely. Many a one pressed his beloved wife to his heart, with a sad foreboding of never again meeting in this life. Wives were loth to part with their husbands. Under these circumstances, God alone knows what was felt at that never-to-be-forgotten moment. A long interval elapsed before the boats returned, to assure us of the safe landing of the ladies. They were on shore, but were wet through. The surf was so strong that the boats were nearly swamped on landing. After the ladies, came the aged ministers and elders; until at last all were safely landed, from the venerable patriarchs to the infants at the breast; yes, even a dog and a cat! One or two passengers rushed into the boats without the captain's orders, and were (very justly) called back and lectured; one of them was a minister of the Gospel, and ought to have set a better example. The captain humorously remarked to this reverend gentleman—'Come here, sir! *Let the bad men go off first, and the good stay on board.*' By daylight, all were on shore, squatted round the fires, drying their clothes, and talking over the adventures of the night. There was cheerfulness amidst all the sorrow. All the passengers give the most gratifying expressions of their satisfaction and high appreciation of the humane, cool, and courageous conduct of Capt. Joss, during the whole of the painful proceedings that ensued. There were some more conspicuously brave than the rest, *and all the passengers award the palm to our old friend Joe Brown, of the Christy's Minstrels.* He was seen wherever there was danger, sometimes keeping the gangway, helping the ladies over the side; then carrying out the orders of the captain, or getting them carried out. When he got on the beach, he stood up to his waist in surf, helping others on shore. The only thing that Joe regrets the loss of, is his belt—the silver belt awarded to him in America, in which he danced the jig. He says if he had not lost that, he would not have cared for all the rest. Mr. Read, of the firm of Welshman and Read, architects of Cape Town, and Messrs. Stewart and Melvyn, of the Christy's, are also spoken of as conspicuous for their bravery."

Dan Shelby, who has been severely ill, is pronounced out of danger. He is at Chenango Forkes, N. Y.

Childs & Thompson's Minstrels are at the Jackson Opera House, Cairo, Ill. They will probably finish there on the 20th, and then make a spring for Holly Springs. They give no mere child's play in this band, but get up a fully-developed Ethiopian entertainment.

W. Dillehanty, jig, clog, and reel dancer, and bone soloist, has been sick in Albany, but is now on the mend.

Duprez & Green's Minstrel Troupe had been billed in New Orleans, to appear at the Academy of Music, as previously noticed by us, but at the time of the date of our correspondent's last letter, Dec. 4, the company had not arrived, but were being daily looked for.

Minstrelsy is in favor in Auburn, N. Y. Another party has been organized there, consisting of W. H. Austin, H. Soule, H. Richardson, W. H. Laten, W. H. S. Hulbert, W. Fitzgerald, O. H. Smith, and the prodigy, Young Peter Foster. The band will probably start out on the 2d of Jan., making their *debut* at Seneca Falls, and so on west, in the small country places.

This week, at their opera house, in Boston, Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, produce a magnificent pantomime, written by Mr. Lon Morris, and entitled "The Magic Horn." Money has been freely expended to give due effect to this pantomime which promises to be one of the sensations of the day. Novelty is the rule with this troupe, and the people crowd their house nightly to see and hear the Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge Minstrels in their fun, sentiment, and eccentricities.

Buckley's Minstrels closed their performances in Boston on the 13th. This week they appear in Lynn and Salem, Mass., and the last three days in Providence, R. I., on their way to New York.

The Christy Minstrels, which were lately in New Orleans, had arrived at Havana, and were announced to commence operations at the Villaneuva Theatre on Sunday night, 7th inst. We believe they don't call Sunday performances in Havana "sacred concerts."

George Christy's Minstrels are announced to perform in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 16th and 17th inst.

The Young Campbell Minstrels are giving entertainments in the Eastern cities. Here is a list of our young friends:—Johnny Dooley, Billy Train, F. Brundage, J. D. Lyman, G. Campbell, E. Dana, F. L. Bennett, Harry Stanley, H. Beach, Geo. Havens, H. Kammerling, and Master Edwards.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels advertised to open an opera house in Chicago; they got their company in town, and then collapsed, after spending $300 in fitting up their hall. What's the trouble?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. J. Grau will shortly introduce "the young, beautiful, and accomplished" M'lle Cordier, of the Academy of Music, "with a voice of remarkable purity and brilliancy, and the highest cultivation," to the blue lights of New Haven, Conn.

The children of the Orphan Asylum, assisted by the Beethoven Society of Yale College, gave a concert in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 10th.

The Beethoven Society, assisted by the Yale Glee Club of the class of '63, give a concert in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 17.

It having been stated in one of the New York papers, that there were never so many theatres, gardens, and other places of amusement open in St. Louis, as there are now, "Seneca" desires us to correct the statement. He says:—"In 1860 we had twenty-six places of amusement in full blast, and all doing well. This, of course, includes all the German Gardens where performances were held. Now we have not more than half that number, but still St. Louis is the best show place in the West, in spite of her suffering from the war. The same prices are charged for admission as in more prosperous times, while in a neighboring city, which has the finest opera house in the Union, prices have fallen amazingly. Minstrel troupes who charged fifty cents for admission here, only charge twenty-five cents in Cincinnati.

Miss Julia Hamilton was married in Grace Church, Philadelphia, last week, to a Mr. Sprottsman.

Geo. Vandenhoff gave several readings in St. Louis, last week. Subject, on the 9th, "Fantine," the first of "Les Miserables." "Les Miserables" will be a pretty well used-up party before the profession gets through with them.

Gassett & Co.'s Museum of Fine Arts has about run itself out in Pittsburgh. Last week some live animals were introduced, but it was no go. The proprietors concluded to stop on Saturday.

There are many bogus entertainments got up about these days, professing to be "for the benefit of the sick soldiers," and all that sort of thing, the results of which are anything but entertaining, except to their bogus projectors. The public attention needs to be careful in discriminating such announcements. As a general rule, see that a competent committee of arrangements has been appointed to witness the fact that the proceeds are to be duly handed over to the proper authorities.

The National Troupe of Glass Blowers having concluded their exhibitions in the interior of California, had returned to San Francisco, opening at Tucker's Hall on the 17th of November, for one week, previous to their departure for South America.

"Adams' Varieties and Brown's Minstrels" is the title of a combined troupe performing last week at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore. The company is composed of Professor Haller, magic; Mdlle. Jenny Chavilier, songstress; Lizzie Parker, *danseuse*; Kate Harrison, ballads; Mdlle. Marguerite, ditto; Hughey Clark, ethiopian performer; Frank Christopher, balladist; Antonio Farinia, pianist. The party must have had some "internal dissensions," as they did not show on the 10th. "My Maryland Institute" is too close to Lea's Melodeon to do much, for Mr. Lea always provides a first class entertainment for his patrons.

Signor Blitz is to appear in Auburn, N. Y., this week.

Joe Cook is around, and wants to improve some one's business. See his "ad." in this issue.

Little Dollie Dutton exhibited at Corinthian Hall, Rochester' on the 12th and 13th inst.

Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe gave performances on the 10th and 11th, at Indianapolis. Houses far above the average. The troupe also met with success in Dayton, Ohio.

Gottschalk and Patti concertise in Indianapolis on the 16th and 17th.

"Green's Aeolian Troupe" are to be in Philadelphia next week, for the holidays. The company comprises Mr. Calvin Green, proprietor; Mr. C. A. Pettit, business agent; C. Salvo, treasurer; Prof. Dupont, musical director; C. P. Dale, stage manager; Misses Ida Emmons, King, Grace and Mortimer; Messrs. O. J. and Chas. P. Dale, Ben Cox, etc.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Miss Sydney Cowell was announced to make her first appearance with Sam Cowell, at Ipswich, on the 15th inst.

Leopold Verreck, who is billed in London as "le grand gymnastic, le Roi des Trapezes," announces that he will shortly leave on a professional visit to America.

Miss Cecile Nott very graciously informs managers that she can *not* accept engagements for a shorter period than three weeks. Just so.

Three hundred consecutive representations of Lord Dundreary, by Mr. Sothern. Think of that, now. That figure was reached on the 8th of December, and we presume there were high times on the occasion at the Haymarket, London. Truly, this is "making hay while the sun shines," and Sothern has taken his wares to a fine market. Yet the "Peep o' Day," at the Lyceum, was ahead of our American Cousin. Mrs. D. P. Bowers is still performing at the Lyceum.

Polly Marshall is performing at the Strand.

Collins's Christy Minstrels were performing in St. James's Hall, London. Collins was up for a benefit on the 5th.

Miss Annie Hiles, of Liverpool, made her *debut* on the stage of the Royal English Opera, London, on the 28th ult., as Arline, in the Bohemian Girl. She was quite successful, and some of her songs were *encored*. She was supported by Mr. W. Harrison, as Thaddeus; Miss Susan Pyne, Mrs. Ainsley Cook, Mr. W. H. Weiss, etc.

Mrs. Oliver Summers, professionally known as Miss Fanny Marston, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marston, died in London on the 17th ult.

Another actress died in the work-house at Blackburn, on the 16th ult. This was no other than Miss Ann Mainley, who, at the time of her death, was ninety-seven years of age. For half a century she was one of the stock actresses of Messrs. Wild's Traveling Theatre, and for upwards of fifty years had been one "that delighted the busy throng" at the various country fairs in Lancashire and Yorkshire. For upwards of four years she had been an inmate of the workhouse, and every comfort had been extended to her latter days by the Governor of the house, Mr. Thomas Summersgill, who left no means unabated to sooth her last moments, and to minister to her declining infirmities. She was interred on the following Wednesday in the Blackburn Cemetery, at Little Harwood.

Mario, the once great tenor, has come to grief. A letter from Paris, states that in consequence of a sad accident to M'lle. Emma Livry, recently, Mario appeared at the Opera in The Huguenots instead of Masaniello, but found his voice fail him, and, after being hissed, so completely broke down in the second act, that he volunteered to cancel his engagement. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde were present on the occasion.

Gardiner Coyne, Irish comedian, who was in this country a year or two since, was at last advices starring it at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Belfast, and doing well.

The young Professor Anderson was giving magical entertainments at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

Lady Don was the star at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool.

Miss Helen Western was at the Royal Lyceum, Sunderland. She was drawing pretty good houses.

Mr. W. Farren, comedian of the Haymarket, London, sued an umbrella maker for injuring an umbrella which had been left with him to repair. The umbrella originally cost $5, and Farren went into Court on this small case. The umbrella man was adjudged to pay the comedian about one dollar and a half. Not much of a shower after all.

Miss Ettie Henderson was last at Exeter; next she goes to Leicester, and it is likely that she will also visit Dublin.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHORESS OF EAST LYNNE.—"Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles" is the name of a new work by Mrs. Henry Wood, just published here by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann Street, from advance sheets purchased from the author. As all of Mrs. Wood's works are of a high order of merit, it is not at all likely that this last new one is an exception. Price 50 cents per copy.

PHILADELPHIA BASE BALL.—An interesting article on the averages of the Philadelphia Base Ball Clubs, will appear in next week's CLIPPER.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The proceedings of this covnention are unayoidably crowded out. Will appear in our next.

A FAST SHOEMAKER.—George Brown, of Philadelphia, but formerly of Newark, N. J., recently made nine pairs of army shoes in thirteen hours, with three and a half stitches to the inch, in the in-seam, and five and a half in the out. He can be backed for $200 against any man in the United States, to work ten hours, or to do the same amount of work over again. He can be found at 246 Race street, Philadelphia.

FOOT RACE AT SAN RAFAEL, CAL.—Riley Vanderford and Willis Bartholomew, of Bartholomew's Circus, indulged in a spin of 145 yards, on October 27th, for $150 a side. Riley won by four feet, in 15 seconds.

DAYS "SEALED CIRCULAR-LETTER" will be ready Jan. 1. Send 3c stamp to CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn. 36-3t

FAST BOYS AND FAST GALS can get a Fast Article by sending 15 cts. to F. WENDELL, P. O. box 473, Worcester, Mass. 36-1t*

A GAY PHOTOGRAPH AND A BULLY SECRET, only 25 cents. Sent post paid. Address HENRI MORTON, box 549, Worcester, Mass. 36-1t*

FERRETS FOR SALE.—C. W. Annis, Buckland, Conn., Importer and Breeder of Ferrets. Letters will receive prompt attention. Price, $10 per pair. 36-4t*

BOOKS, SPORTING GOODS, etc. Send for a Circular. P. O. Box 1256, N. Y. 35-tf

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE & AFTER, 25 cents each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 36-1t*

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS!—ALL DESCRIPTIONS—Sent post paid, for 25 cents each, by J. N. COX, 36-1t* 84 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. — Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. This (Tuesday) evening A GRAND SUPPER, when a large sheep is to be served up, FREE TO ALL! Come, everybody.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

LETTER FROM IZZY LAZARUS.

HE CORROBORATES OUR CABIN BOY, GETS ENTHUSIASTIC, AND GIVES ALL THE PARTICULARS.

223 CENTRE ST., NEW YORK, Dec. 12, '62.

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Looking over the CLIPPER, as usual, I noticed an article from your Cabin Boy in his "Men, Manners, and Things in England," which, when I read, put me in mind of old times. The subject I allude to, is that of Phil. Sampson seeing my son, Harry, fight in the street. As Sampson and myself were on very intimate terms, we often called to see each other at the time I lived in Liverpool, near St. John's market, just before I came to America. Sampson called one morning and saw Harry in the store. Phil said, "Is that your boy?" I told him yes; when he said, "Izzy, you may talk of Dick Curtis or Young Dutch Sam, but I never saw a boy fight like him. The way he hit from the shoulder and back-heeled the other boy (Harry's favorite mode of wrestling) quite astonished me, and if he is as good when he gets older, he will astonish some of the best of the light-weights." He then gave Harry a shilling, we had a drink, and off he went. I little thought Phil. Sampson would have recollected the circumstance, it being over eleven years ago. Now, sir, as your Cabin Boy has asked me to vouch for the truth of what he has said, I can only say that it is as true as I am now living, and is quite fresh in my recollection,

I remain yours truly, IZZY LAZARUS.

FISTIC MATTERS IN CALIFORNIA.

JOHNNY LAZARUS MATCHED WITH PETE DAILEY.

A live sporting San Francisco correspondent, "Trojan," from whom we hope to hear whenever convenient, sends us the following refreshing piece of news, under date of Nov. 21:—

FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your journal being the only real representative of the sporting fraternity in America, I beg leave to make known to you the particulars of a match made in this city, on the 18th inst., between Jack Lazarus and Pete Dailey. Lazarus you know, of course. Dailey hails from Boston. The match is for $1000 a side, the fight to take place early in March, at 122½ lbs., and go to scale the day before the fight. They toss for choice of ground two weeks previous to the event, the winner to let his opponent know the place of meeting one week before the day of fighting. $100 a side were staked when the match was made; $150 more is to be staked in three weeks; $250 on 1st January; $250 on 1st February; and $250 on 1st March. I don't know where their training grounds will be, or who will second them yet; neither do I know Dailey; those who do know him, however, say he is a pretty tough one. The Dailey party have been looking for this fight some time. It may be a good thing, but I wouldn't like to take it off their hands. Lazarus has been in this country about seven months. He has conducted himself in the best possible manner, and has made a great many friends. He is in the employ of his friend and backer, Mr. Timothy McCarthy. The odds are in favor of Lazarus at this present writing. I'm not aware who the backers of Dailey are. Tim McCarthy puts up all the money for Lazarus. The veteran, Joe Winrow, is to train Lazarus, and Johnny Walker looks after young Dailey.

MACE'S COLORS ON EXHIBITION.—As there will be a great desire to see the colors of the little man who so gamely strove to retain the championship against the young giant, Tom King, we can inform those interested that Mr. William Clarke, of the Gem, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, has Jem's colors on view for a short time at the above house. Go and take a sight.

HARRY LAZARUS ALL SERENE.—The little Zoo-zoo captain is now all hunk with his sutlership to the 38th Regiment N. Y. S. V., General Ward commanding. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Captain Roberts for the disinterested manner he exerted himself towards getting Harry this fat berth.

OFF HIS PINS.—Tommy Houston is lying very sick at his house corner of Bond street and Bowery.

M-U-T-T-O-N, MUTTON!—Here's a new lesson in spelling, which we want all to learn by heart by this (Tuesday) evening, if desiring admittance to the big supper. "Mutton's" the pass word—so don't forget it. The veteran humorist, Jack Bath, among other lucky sporters, won a whole sheep on the Mace and King fight, and is going to serve it up in a grand supper, free to all, at his cosy little porter-house, to-night, Dec. 16. As they say in the marriage notices, "no cards issued," but for that matter none are necessary, and Horace Greeley is as welcome as you are. Friends and relatives of the family are specially invited to hold an inquest on what was once a frisking lambkin—now a roasted sheep! Consider yourself invited without further notice to this feast of mutton at the Deer's Head, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, next to Bill Clarke's, "for you're welcome all, heartily welcome every one," as the song goes. There'll be a gay time sure. See Jack's advertisement at the head of this column.

WE TOLD YOU HOW IT WOULD BE.—Among the winners who adopted the CLIPPER'S advice, and bet on the right man in the late championship fight, are Bill Clarke, Jack Bath, Pete Gollagher, Bill Darling, Charley Clarke, and others. The experienced Father Izzy and Harry Clarke were on t'other side. See our portraits this week, the photographs of which were expressly sent on from England for our particular benefit.

JOE COBURN VS. JIMMY ELLIOTT.—A proposition has been made by Elliott's friends in Boston, for an off-hand fight between these two men for a couple of hundred dollars, to come off on the quiet in a few weeks from date. Wonder if it will amount to anything. There'd be considerable excitement if they ever were to come together. "Things is workin'."

LETTER FROM BARNEY AARON.—Our little paragraph of last week about Young Barney, has elicited the following reply:—

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 11.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I saw an article in your last CLIPPER, stating that "Barney Aaron's himself again," and had a joint ben. with Johnny Sweetman in Cincinnati. So far as regards the joint ben., it's a mistake, but Barney is himself again, and will open a first class gymnasium in this city on the 1st of January, 1863, and will always be on hand for any match from 120 lbs. to 125 lbs., for from $500 to $1000. Yours, etc.,

BARNEY AARON.

WHERE'S SAM SIMMONDS?—It is rumored that Sam has been killed in battle, but we trust it may be nothing further than a rumor. Who knows?

AS IT SHOULD BE.—HARRY HILL'S CASE.—The imaginative and fancy article, "with cuts," that appeared in the *N. P. G.* a couple of weeks back, and our remarks thereon, has set everybody agog to go and see for themselves, whether or not all these things were really so, ourselves among the number. What was the result? Why, they found Harry's place the most sociable, orderly, and respectable free ball room on the east side of town, while his suppers, wines, and cigars are "stunnin'," as they say in London. Mr. Hill also serves up the best free lunch anywhere around. If you want to spend a real sociable evening and enjoy a good dance, don't fail to drop in next Monday evening, when, should there be anything to offend the most fastidious lover of rational amusement, *le danse*, exquisite music, "and a' that," we'll own up licked. When they attempt to buck against Harry Hill next time, he'd ought to get Flory Macarty (Tim's brother,) the disciple of Blackstone, to take his case in hand. "All hands round, girls—all hands round!" Start the music, Jakey, and don't mind 'em.

SPARRING IN BOSTON.—The sporting landlord and high sheriff of the National Theatre, had a rousing benefit at that house on Friday evening, 12th inst., when all the big guns and little guns turned out, *en masse*. The crowded state of our columns, particularly the ring department, will not permit of a lengthy report, and we must content ourselves by merely stating that Jimmy Elliott, Johnny Morris, Jimmy Carrol, Shmer, of Liverpool (not the poetical Josey,) and several others participated. After the exhibition, a match was made between Young McCauley and Johnny Morris, to fight at catch weight, a deposit being put up on the spot. The friends of Jimmy Elliott also offered to back him to fight Joe Coburn an off-hand match for $100 or $200, to come off within a few weeks.

JOHNNY MORRIS AND YOUNG MCCAULEY MATCHED.—We understand these men have agreed to fight at catch weight,

THE GREAT PRIZE BATTLE IN ENGLAND,

BETWEEN

TOM KING AND JEM MACE,

FOR

£400 AND THE CHAMPION BELT.

KING KNOCKS MACE OUT OF TIME IN 38 MINUTES.

"The fight for the Championship," is a phrase that may be enumerated among "household words," the world over, more especially in Great Britain; and in consequence of the great battle between J. C. Heenan, the American Achilles, and Tom Sayers, the British Salamander, at Farnborough, greater interest has been manifested in reference thereto in the United States. To be sure, the great fight now unfortunately raging here, has thrown the first-named in the shade somewhat, and the preliminary details were not sought after with the same avidity as in former battles; but the result and particulars all are anxious to be truthfully posted in, and, naturally enough, turn to the CLIPPER, *the oldest and only reliable sporting journal of America*, "to get satisfaction," no matter how many premature rumors and hatched-up accounts they may have read in other prints. To fulfil the "great expectations" of our readers, therefore, we proceed to give such particulars as we deem may be of interest to them:—

HISTORY OF THE PRESENT CHAMPION'S BELT.

About the year 1855, in consequence of there being no recognised transferable belt (Bendigo having "played at keepings" with the one he was the holder of by his defeat of Caunt), a proposition was made, and steps taken for raising by subscription a sum of money sufficient to purchase a belt of greater intrinsic value than anything of the kind ever fought for. Subscription lists were opened, and nearly £100 was collected in a very short time. Mr. C. F. Hancock, of New Bond street, was entrusted with the manufacture of the belt, and the present handsome trophy was the result of his taste and ingenuity. Having proceeded thus far, the committee of gentlemen who had undertaken the management, issued the following conditions on which it should be held:—That it should not be handed over to any person claiming the Championship until he had proved his right to it by a fight; that any pugilist having held it against all comers for three years without a defeat, should become its absolute possessor; that the holder should be bound to meet every challenger of every weight who should challenge him for £200 a side, within six months after the issue of such challenge, during the three years; that he should not be bound to fight for less than £200 a side; that, at the final deposit for every match within the three years, the belt should be delivered up to the committee until after the battle; and, finally, that on the belt being given to the winner of any Champion's fight, he should deposit such security as should be deemed necessary in the hands of the committee to ensure the above regulations being carried out." As soon as it was thoroughly understood that the belt was ready for whoever would fight for and win it, there was a regular "wakening-up" amongst the "middle-weights" and the "big 'uns." The "Tipton" looked about him. Harry Broome talked about getting his fat off, and took gentle aperients and an odd gallop or two, as a preparatory measure. Aaron Jones also looked up his friends, while the only one who was content to rest on his laurels, was Harry Orme. The Tipton Slasher was justly considered to be the "standard" left of the late Championships, as we find all the above-named men issued challenges to the "black country" hero. The first challenge that was received by Perry was from Aaron Jones, and a match for £200 a side and the belt was duly arranged, the "Tipton" informing Broome and Paddock that they must wait their turn, until the issue of the battle with Jones. Broome and Paddock, in the meantime, had made a match for £200 a side, irrespective of the Championship, which came off on May 19, 1856, and was won by Tom Paddock, in fifty-one rounds and 63 min. Meanwhile, Aaron Jones had forfeited to the "Slasher," in consequence of meeting with an accident during his training. Tom Paddock, soon after his defeat of Broome, was again matched with his old opponent, Perry; but when £80 a side were down, in consequence of an undue ebullition of Tom's temper, his friends were obliged to forfeit. Jones, by this time, had recovered from his accident, and the "Tipton" was expecting a re-engagement with him, when, to his disgust and astonishment, he found Jones had been matched against Tom Sayers. In January, 1857, Tom Sayers and Jones met on the banks of the Medway, and fought sixty-two rounds in three hours, Sayers most decidedly having the best of the fighting, when darkness came on. The mill was not resumed until a month afterwards (on Feb. 10), for the £100 a side, and an additional bet of £100. Tom was declared the winner, after fighting two hours, during which time eighty-five rounds were contested. Tom gave the *coup de grace* to Aaron by a finisher with the "auctioneer" on the eye, which knocked Master Jones completely out of time. After this victory, the friends of Sayers made no secret of their belief in his ability to thrash the "Tipton," and on his expressing his willingness to try, they at once found the needful, and challenged Perry, who was astonished at the cartel, but jumped at the proposal. Preliminaries were soon arranged, according to the committee rules, and the match progressed. Everybody admired the courage and ambition of Tom, but the opinion that he was overmatched was openly expressed, and the public had only faint hopes of his success. The result took the world by surprise, as, on the day of battle, June 16, 1857, Sayers, in ten rounds, which occupied 1 hour 42 min., defeated the formidable "Tipton" without a mark. Tom Sayers, having thus won the belt, was hailed "Champion of England." After the defeat of the Tipton by Sayers, Tom Paddock entered the field, and challenged Tom; but, being seized by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, before articles could be entered into, the affair was of course broken off. There was now a clear field, apparently, for Tom, and a "walk-over" for the remainder of the time requisite for the belt to be held by Sayers appeared inevitable. Harry Broome, with an "eye to business," challenged Tom with an Unknown, and a match was immediately made on the belt conditions, which came off on January 5, 1859, at the Isle of Grain. The Unknown proved to be one Bill Benjamin, who was a complete novice, and, as such, get beaten in 6½ min., during which only three rounds were fought, Benjamin fighting just long enough to show his want of proficiency in the milling art. Tom Paddock by this time had recovered from his rheumatic attack, and expressed his willingness to fight Sayers; but, as he could not get together more than £150, he hoped the Champion would not stand out for the other £50. Sayers agreed to all Paddock's terms, and at Canary Island, on June 16, 1858, achieved another victory, after fighting twenty-one rounds in 1 hour 20 min. Bill Benjamin, apparently not being satisfied with the reputation (!) he had achieved at his first "in-go," made another match with Sayers. Benjamin was at this time under the tuition of Nat Langham, who put him up to a wrinkle or two, and superintended the finishing of his training himself. The mill took place near Ashford, on April 5, 1859. Tom had taken all manner of liberties with himself during his training, while Benjamin was much improved since his former appearance, and planting several straight left-handed shots, Tom soon became blown. The Champion finding that his condition would not allow him to stand the fatigue of a protracted battle with so well-trained an adversary as Bejamin was on this occasion, dashed to close quarters, and forced the in-fighting. Sayers soon found the benefit of his tactics, for Benjamin was flustered by the Champion's onslaught, and forgetting how to put in force his recently-acquired cleverness, he received a tremendous licking in 23 min., when the sponge was thrown up after eleven rounds. Benjamin proved himself thoroughly game, and wiped out all the truth in the reports respecting his having a "white feather." Another Unknown challenged Tom, and some money was staked which came to nothing; there being no doubt that the object was secured by keeping challengers aloof for a time, so that Sayers might have his proper share of rest. Birmingham had the honor of owning the next competitor against Tom, in the celebrated Bob Brettle, who made a match on consideration of Tom's backers laying £400 to £200. Additional interest was imparted to this fight from the fact that one of Tom's backers took £200 to £20 that Sayers won in ten minutes. The battle took place on Sept. 29, 1859, when Tom won in 15 min., during which time seven rounds were fought. Brettle, in the fight, dislocated his shoulder, but there is no doubt but that Sayers would have won eventually. The next contest in which Tom engaged, was the memorable match with the American Champion, J. C. Heenan, at Farnborough, on April 17, 1860, for £200 a side and the Championship. It must be well known to our readers that the battle, after fighting thirty-seven rounds in 2 hours and 5 min., was drawn; how the contest has been criticised all over the world; and how the brave belligerents have been feted by their compatriots ever since. Both men were to have been presented with a belt—a fac-simile of the real one—but did not get one. A subscription was also entered into to buy Sayers an annuity, on the sole condition that he did not again enter the Ring. On Sayers's retirement, Sam Hurst, of Staleybridge, a man of gigantic stature and bulk, sent £25 to the stakeholder, to make a match for the Championship. This amount was covered by a friend of Heenan's, but the match fell to the ground, and the money was drawn. Hurst, from time to time, threw out challenges to Paddock, Tom King, and Morrissey, one at length being accepted by Tom Paddock, who had regained the confidence of some of his old backers, and a match was made for £200 a side and the Championship, which was won by Hurst in 10 min, at Aldermaston, near Reading, after fighting five rounds, in the latter of which Hurst delivered a terrific right-hander on Paddock's ribs, knocking him off his legs on to his back, and completely out of time. The next to throw out a challenge was Jem Mace, of Norwich, and on the match taking place on June 18, 1861, at the Isle of Grain, Mace proved the winner, after fighting eight rounds, in 39 min.

The next battle was between Jem Mace and Tom King, for the usual amount and trophy, and took place on January 28, 1862, Mace knocking King out of time in 42 rounds, and 68 minutes. Since then, upwards of nine months have elapsed without a Champion Fight, notwithstanding that Heenan, Sayers, and other names have been considerably mixed up in rumors of wars, etc., Finally, Tom King again put in his "say so," backed by sufficient "mopusses," and the present match was "on," and has resulted in King verifying the quotation, "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander," in only about half the time and rounds, by knocking Mace out of time in 21 rounds and 38 min. King now holds the belt, and thereby furnishes a text for the following remarks by the *Sporting Life* Nov. 27:—"And King is now the possessor of that belt which Sayers defended so long, and the trophy which Heenan traveled across the Atlantic in the hopes of wresting it from the great British boxer. What Sayers could not keep, Mace has only lost, and this fact may well console the vanquished Norwich hero. King awakes this morning to find himself famous as the Champion of England and the World; and if he intends to retain that title, he must be circumspect in his demeanor, *for we believe we are not premature in announcing that it is Heenan's intention to challenge the winner in yesterday's encounter.* Such a match will of course be profoundly interesting, as King and the Benicia Boy will meet with no disparity of size, strength, reach, and height, as was the case in the fight of Farnborough. We may remark that the result of yesterday's struggle gives to England a champion well worthy to represent the physical perfection and muscular strength of our countrymen. King is as fine and handsome a gladiator as ever stripped, with a frame that might serve as a model for the sculptor's ideal of an Achilles." We now come to the history of the men.

TOM KING.

Tom King was born August 14, 1835, in Silver street, Stepney. He weighs over 12st, and is above 6ft. 2in. in height. He went a couple of voyages as a sailor to the coast of Africa, after which he got the situation of foreman among the shipping at the Victoria Docks, during which time he "whipped" one or two quarrelsome and ambitious "parties." The news of these victories reached Jem Ward, who sought and obtained an interview with King. He was likewise present at a turn-up between King and an aspirant by the name of Brighton Bill, who was so thoroughly thrashed in one round, that he retired from the P. R.! The conduct of King so delighted Ward, that he declared there were some sterling qualities about the youngster that only required development to make him rank A 1 as a bruiser. King, after this, was matched as "Jem Ward's Big-'un," with Smith, of Portsmouth, who forfeited at the second deposit. Clamp, of Newgate Market, was the next to stake money for a contest with Master Tommy, but having taken stock of the "Juvenile Big-'un," he thought discretion the better part of valor, and he also forfeited the first instalment! King, finding he could not get on a match with some of the middle-weights for a smallish amount, challenged to fight anybody for £100 a side, which also met with no response, and King began to think he was going to achieve an unenviable notoriety without distinguishing himself in the magic arena, when Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, stepped out of his sphere, and a match was made at catch-weight, for £50 a side. They met November 27, 1860, and King won easily in forty-nine rounds and 1 hour 2 min. King, who was much the taller and heavier man, took a decided lead, although Truckle got the first blood from the nose. King after this had the fight all his own way, scoring his maiden victory rather cleverly. In the following year, Jem Mace, having proved victorious over Hurst, was challenged by King, and a match was made for £200 a side and the Champion's belt, to take place in January, 1862. Immediately after the match for the Championship with Mace was fairly *en train*, Young Broome challenged King for £50 a side, at catch weight, which was at once accepted by Tom King, and they fought a tremendous battle at Frimley, October 21, 1861, Broome being defeated in 43 rounds and in 42 min. Immediately after this victory, King went into training for his fight with Mace, which took place near Godstone, on January 18, Mace knocking King out of time in 42 rounds and in 68 min.

JEM MACE.

James Mace, who hails from Norwich, was born in 1831. He is 5ft. 8½in. high in his stockings, and on the present occasion, not being restricted to weight, scaled 10st 12lb. His first appearance in the P.R. was with one Slack, on which occasion Mace weighed only 10st 4lb, he being quite a youth; but he came off victor, after a sharp battle of nine rounds, which lasted 19 min. In 1857, he paid a visit to the metropolis, when he was matched with Thorpe, for £25 a-side, and defeated him in eighteen rounds, in which Mace performed to a rare tune on Mr. Thorpe, for 27 min. The mill came off down the Medway, February 17. The fine "execution" of Mace in administering punishment, and his skill in defence, displayed in this battle, raised for him a host of friends amongst the supporters of the London ring, who willingly found him the money to fight Mike Madden for £50 a-side. All the money was staked, but Mace, at the last minute, would not fight under the referee named by the stakeholder, alleging that the latter official was "standing" money with Madden. Madden, therefore, was fortunate enough to receive the stakes without undergoing the "ordeal by battle!" In the following year, another match was made, for a small amount, between Mace and Madden, the former staking £15 to £10, which Mace forfeited, on May 10, by not putting in an appearance, his plea being that the money was "not worth fighting for." Some short time afterwards, he was matched with the "great gun" of Birmingham, Bob Brettle, for £100 a-side, at 10st 2lb, and which battle was quickly decided on the banks of the Medway, on September 21, 1858, by Bob Brettle knocking Mace out of time, after fighting two rounds, which lasted only 3 min. The quick defeat of Mace, although he was knocked out of time, caused his reputation to sink in the estimation both of his townsmen at Norwich and his newly-made friends in metropolitan circles, and there was every likelihood of his being on the shelf for some time. Bob Brettle, however, having invited his defeated antagonist to Birmingham, got him up a rattling benefit, and found him friends, who matched him against the undefeated Posh Price, of Birmingham (then the "hero" of above a dozen fights), for £50 a side. The mill came off at Aldershot, in the London circuit, on Jan. 25, when Mace proved the conqueror, after eleven rounds, fought in 17 min, Price having had the misfortune to break his arm. This success was the turning-point of the celebrated James's career, for his next performance was a victory over the renowned Bob Travers, for £100 a side, at 10st 4lb. They met on Feb. 21, 1860, when, after fighting six rounds, in 21 min, the police interfered, and put an end to the sport for that day. The referee ordered a meeting at the metropolitan last resource, "down the water," for the next day, when, after fighting 1 hour 31 min, during which time fifty-seven rounds were contested, the battle was decided in Mace's favor, in consequence of Travers going down without a blow. Mace was now reinstated in the good opinion he had forfeited by his previous mistakes, and having a host of friends, looked round for a fresh customer in the magic arena, but could not meet any one sufficiently "hardy" to contend against his skill, &c., until his old opponent, Bob Brettle, made a match with him, at 10st 6lb, for £200 a side. They met Sept. 19, 1860, at Wallingford-road, when, after fighting six rounds, in 12 min, the police arrived in strong numbers and stopped the mill. The authorities, determined upon "intervention," dispersed their emisaries all over the country, with the view of stopping all further fun. The referee ordered the men to meet the next day, when, after a trip by rail and a jaunt by steamer to Yantlet Creak, Mace proved victorious in five rounds, which lasted only 7 min. The terrific hitting of Mace in his battle with Brettle, and his magnificent defence, caused his East-end backers to determine that he should follow in the footsteps of Tom Sayers, who, after gaining the Middleweight Championship, aspired to and gained all the higher honors of the Championship of England. The battle between Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst was pending at this time, but resulted in the easy victory of Hurst. Mace at once threw down the gauntlet to the gigantic champion.

After some sparring in print, a match was at length made on Dec. 14, and articles entered into to fight in six months for £200 a side and the Champion's belt. The actual date was not fixed upon, so, in consequence of Sam Hurst having broken his leg, the stakeholder was called upon to fulfil his office and name the day, which was accordingly done, and the latest day possible, June 18, 1861, was fixed. Jem Mace was a trifle under 11st when they entered the ring, which was pitched on the Isle of Grain, in the Medway. Hurst was over 15st. Mace won in 3 rounds, and 36min. The easy victory of Jem Mace over the burly Sam Hurst, was not, after a short time, considered anything extraordinary, beyond the fact of a clever middle-weight beating an over-grown and bulky antagonist, whose great size alone would militate against his chance with an agile competitor. This, coupled with the accident to his leg, in the eyes of the detractors of Mace and some of the upper ten, was the cause of their looking out for and finding another competitor in the person of the youthful and stalwart Tom King, whose defeat of Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth, had raised hopes that he was "good enough"—as he was big enough—to be the veritable Champion of England. That he was considered good enough to make a match for the Championship and £200 a side, was evident from Old Nat staking £25 for an engagement with Mace. On July 19, Mr. Richardson, for Mace, and Tom King met at the office of the final stakeholder, and signed articles to fight for £200 a side and the Champion's belt, according to the new rules of the P. R., in the last week in January, and on the 28th of that month, it took place in the Home Circuit, and as before stated, Mace won in 42 rounds and 68min.

THE EVE OF THE FIGHT.

It was not without great trouble that the backers of Mace and King could induce any railway company to entertain the idea of allowing a special train for the purpose of a prize fight, the more especially as there are but a very few spots where a fight can take place without magisterial interference. Even when a company was found who, by great persuasion, entertained the idea, it was not until extraordinary pressure was put in force, that a conveyance was granted, and, even then, not until almost the very last minute was it a certainty that affairs could be arranged to meet the views of all parties. As the day of battle drew near, the assertions of the backers of the men that there would not be a trip by water, was laughed at derisively. Even when it was finally settled, the utmost secresy was kept respecting the whereabouts, and when it was reported that the charge for the tickets of conveyance would be £2, and that they could not be had until the midnight before the battle, rumors of the most ridiculous character were afloat from one end of London to the other—some asserting that the river, after all, would be the mode of transit, and when it was known that two steamers had been ordered to be at Thames Haven on Wednesday, no more corroboration was required. Others, and for the most part the more knowing of the London sporting publicans, would have nothing but that London Bridge was the fixture. It, however, oozed out on Tuesday evening that a "special" had been granted by the managers of the Southend line. This rumor, coupled with the fact of the engagement of the steamboats, seemed to be the most probable. Mr. Richardson, for King, and Mr. Coney, for Mace, were the only parties with power to issue the tickets, and it was not until midnight that either commenced to sell the tickets at the original fixed price of two sovs., and the rumor as regarded Fenchurch street being the station, was verified. A very thriving trade was driven by both in the sale of the tickets, which were turned out in a superior manner to those which were issued by Langham and Richardson on the previous fight for the Championship, inasmuch as the present pass was a card, 4in. by 2, with a lithographed facsimile of the autographs of Mr. Richardson and Mr. J. Coney, and a crest within a shield, with initials in the corner; whereas, on the former occasion, a small, scrubby piece of blue card (two blotches of red sealing wax), on which was a blurred scrawl of "an excursion and back from London Bridge." The usual number of gentlemen were out, determined to make a night of it, so that there should be no fear of being belated, and when they were informed that half-past four A. M. was the latest moment that they could be admitted, they quietly resigned themselves to their fate. The old birds, after finding out the particulars, betook themselves to roost, and when the day broke, the old 'uns had a long way the best of the handicap. The houses in the West end were crowded by the intending passengers to the mill, and although offers to bet were very rife, there were but very few takers. So quiet had Mr. Coney kept his share of the secret, that he had not even acquainted Mace with the place of departure, and he commissioned Jemmy Welsh to call Mace in the morning, who slept at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, and take him to Fenchurch street. Mr. Richardson was equally reticent, and notwithstanding all the cajolery of the "downy East enders," kept them all in the dark until the time fixed between himself and his coadjutor. When the real "griffin" was known, dire was the consternation of those who would know that London Bridge was the rendezvous, and for having given the wrong tip to their friends who were anxious to be present at the mill, it was of course their bounden duty to undo the mischief they had so cleverly committed. Trustworthy errand boys were at a premium, and cabmen realized a harvest, and, even with all their attempts to retrieve the grievous error, many were not able to get down in time to witness the championship fight.

THE JOURNEY DOWN AND INCIDENTS BY THE ROAD AND AT THE RING SIDE.

The station chosen for the start was that of Fenchurch street, and four o'clock A. M., named as the time, at the latest, for the visitors to the "mill" to be on the spot. The consequence was, that as early as three o'clock, groups of the early birds were seen hanging about the terminus, and the manner in which the entrances were barricaded, showed that something out of the usual way was in progress. As the hour appointed drew near, the crowd increased into a riotous multitude; and although the railway officials patrolled with railway lamps, there were several *impromptu* fights got up, which resulted in no blows being struck, the reason being that most of the combatants were very industrious in "ramping" or helping themselves to what they could lay their hands on. There was the usual rushing to get into the narrow gap which was opened to allow the ingress of the passengers, and despite all the exertions of the men appointed to keep order, the most deliberate robberies took place, the clothes being nearly torn from the backs of those in the crowd, and so equal were they in their favors, that no one escaped having the rule run over them. One of our special reporters was among the unfortunates, who, after a squeeze to get through, on shaking his feathers, found himself minus his purse and ticket. The scene outside was "confusion worse confounded," those who had money, and were willing to "part" for permission to get down, being forced to undergo indignity and outrage. Those, however, who were sufficiently fortunate to arrive safely on the platform, took their seats in the first carriages into which they could obtain admission. The ring was largely represented. In the midst of the crush, Heenan made his appearance amid a roar of applause, soon after which, Mace arrived with his trainer, Jack Howard, at ten minutes to five, followed by Jack Hicks and Alf Milner. Mace lost no time in taking possession of a first-class railway carriage. The gentlemen arrived in quick succession, and managed to hide themselves in the carriages post haste; and although there were eighteen carriages, there was every probability of the conveyances being crowded to suffocation. At twenty minutes past five, Tom King with his friends arrived, and as he walked down the platform, he was scanned by very critical eyes. Gollagher came on to the platform a few minutes after King, with his backer and his trainer, Johnny Walker, of Stoney Stratford. About half-past five, Heenan showed on the platform, with several of the West-end division, who after some considerable trouble, found room in a first-class carriage.

During the long and tedious period of waiting, Mace took his ease, in a recumbent position, while his stalwart opponent, Tom King, sat quite erect in the very next carriage. The news from the crush outside was, from time to time, of the most amusing character to those who had escaped free from the toll levied. Those who were unfortunate, however, appeared to derive every consolation in comparing notes upon their losses. One gentleman who paid for his ticket with a "fiver" and received three pounds as change, was "ramped" of the sovereigns like a shot, and on his informing a well-known ring-goer of his loss, he was to his great surprise informed, with a laugh, that he was very fortunate. On an explanation being demanded, the "old-un," laughing and walking away, said, "Because you had no more to lose." So great was the rush, that at half-past five, the managers of the trip sent to the nearest police-station for a reinforcement of those already on duty, and offered a couple of sovreigns a head for twenty constables; but a positive refusal was given. At six o'clock, a grand rush was made at an entrance, and a large body broke in, and attempted to force their way to the carriages. The officials locked the doors, but that in some instances was unsuccessful in staying the storming party, who performed a harlequinade through the windows. As the time passed, the crowd increased both in multitude and in reckless disregard of all order. While King was waiting outside the station door for an opportunity to enter, a couple of policemen were heard debating whether it would be the correct thing to arrest him. One of them alluded to the arrest of Heenan before the Farnborough fight, when they said they would at once take King, but on looking for him, they were too late, and their anticipated captive was safely landed on the departure platform. So long was the delay that those who had been deprived of a portion of their rest, in most instances endeavored to make up the deficiency by snatching a wink or two, but in vain; for the hum and noise outside from time to time rose to such an uproar that sleeping was out of the question. At a quarter to seven, hopes were held out to the weary crowd in the carriages. The ring-keepers, under Inspector Duncan, were seen on the platform, and orders were given to close the doors, but still crowds came on apparently without end. This was corroborated by Messrs. Coney and Richardson ordering all in, and the engine, to the great delight of the tired enthusiasts, gave the usual signal whistle and snorted out of the station at exactly four minutes to seven.

Daylight was breaking as the train steamed past Stepney and Bow stations, and East Ham being left in the rear, it became certain that the Southend line was the route chosen. A sharp look-out was kept to find if the authorities were up to the game going to be tried on, and it was not until arriving at Barking Station, that a "solitary blue" was to be seen, and he waved his hat rejoicingly as the special shot past him. The early hour and the magnitude of the train caused the few farm-laborers who were at work to make straight backs, and open their eyes with astonishment. Nearing the old fighting rendezvous of Purfleet, a dead donkey was discovered lying in some willows on the left-hand side of the railway, which was moralized over in a strain far, very far, from that indulged in by Lawrence Sterne. Purfleet was passed without seeing a living or dead "bobby," and the journey was continued by Gray's in safety. When nearing Tilbury, the pace was slackened; groans were heard from those who do not enjoy a water trip, as they stoutly averred that would be the conclusion of the sport. On the speed being again increased, the grumbling ceased. Tilbury was left behind, and the pretty scenery caused a few remarks to be made thereon; but the travelers were too intent upon milling purposes to heed landscape beauties, and the probability of the event being decided, again became the topic. A few miles beyond Tilbury, another slackening of speed took place, and again the growls rose, but were again stifled when it was found that it was only to diverge into the Thames Haven single line. Mr. Coney proved to his patrons that he was a man of his word, when the train came to a full stop near the Thames Haven station, and orders were given for all to alight. This order was obeyed, and a rush made to an adjoining field to find a fit spot for the ring. The ground, however, proved very marshy and wet, which rendered another move for about a quarter of a mile nearer the river necessary. A good and level piece of turf was soon picked out, and after a slight delay, the ropes and stakes arrived. While the ring was being pitched, Mace and King both adjourned to some cottages which were handy, and having warmed themselves, proceeded with their toilets. A long line of people during this time were arriving from the train, and soon a large muster was gathered round the ring, and to such an extent, that it was not until Mr. Johnny Gideon united his energies and influence with the authorities of the ring constables, that an outer ring could be formed. It was now discovered that the arrangements made by the manager of the affair, Mr. Coney, were such as almost to command success. He had, at great expense, engaged a couple of steamboats with roving commissions, so that in case of magisterial interference in Essex, a move could with ease be made to the opposite coast of Kent.

When a fair space had been made, Fred Oliver and his assistant sprites, Old Puggy and Martin, soon commenced the ring. There was an immense number of the P. R. fraternity present, amongst whom we recognised Heenan, Alec Keene, Geo. Brown, Harry Brunton, J. Macdonald, Harry Orme, Bob Brettle, Jemmy Welsh, Young Broome, Bob Travers, Jerry Noon, Mike Madden, Mike Cocklin, Bos Tyler, Young Baldock, Young Ben Caunt, Dan Collins, Charley Lynch, Geo. Sims, Tom Paddock, Harry Broome, Tom Tyler, Geo. King, Jack Hartley, Jemmy Shaw, Young Shaw, Jack Grant, Jack Brown, Geo. Crockett, Dooney Harris, Fred Dickinson, Geo. Henley, Bill Ellis, Young Dutch Sam, Joe Goss, looking wonderfully well after his fight and victory over Posh Price on Tuesday, and, later in the day, Tom Sayers, who did not arrive in time to witness the whole of the first battle, in consequence of not being able to get into the station at Fenchurch-street. The ring was soon pitched, and a perfect inner-ring was quickly formed by Billy Duncan, inspector of the P. B. A., and his assistants, viz.:—J. Shaw, Tom Paddock, Mike Madden, Dan Collins, C. Lynch, Fred Dickinson, Geo. Crockett, Jack Keefe, Jack Hartley, James Clarke, of Liverpool, and Patsey Daley, who were combined by the half-dozen picked by Mr. Coney, viz.:—Alec Keene, Geo. Browne, Jemmy Welsh, Geo. Sims, Jack Brookes, and Geo. Henley. A brisk sale of inner-ring tickets took place, at 5s. each, and a large quantity of straw was placed for the accommodation of the Corinthians, who mustered in very great force indeed. There could not have been less than 500 persons around the ring. As the referee had been appointed by the stakeholder, there was now nothing to wait for, and all being prepared and ready for the men, there were offers to lay 100 to 70 on Mace, which met with no response. Jem Mace was the first to throw in his cap, which he did very modestly, at five minutes to nine, having Bob Brettle and Bob Travers for his seconds. 6 to 4 was now currently offered on Mace, but only taken in a few instances. King threw in his cap at two minutes to nine, having Jack Macdonald and Bos Tyler for his seconds. The rain still fell, cold and drizzling. The Toss for corners was won by Mace, who chose the one with the wind and rain at his back. The colors were next tied to the stakes—those of Mace being a silk handkerchief, with his own likeness in the centre—a mauve border, with the likenesses of Brettle, Travers, Hurst, and King in medallion. King had a cream-colored silk handkerchief, with a variegated lilac border and scroll. Mace offered to back himself at level money, but King refused. The betting was dull at 6 to 4 on Mace. Mace had a very confident smile on his face. King also was not wanting in reliance in his powers. Jemmy Welsh, Geo. Brown, Alec Keene, and Jack Brown were in Mace's corner. King's brother, Jack Harris, his trainer, Geo. Crockett, and Tom Tyler were in King's corner. When the men stripped, the referee having taken up his position, the men shook hands, and stood up at eleven minutes past nine for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men shook hands, and were left at the scratch by their seconds, their appearance and condition were most critically scanned, and certainly two finer specimens of humanity have seldom met the eye of any ring connoisseur. There was a vast disparity in their height, and King, from his length of reach, appeared a most formidable opponent for Mace to tackle. The condition of both men was as near perfection as possible. Tom King has a fine spread of chest, with the shoulders well developed, the muscles standing out like whip-cord. His depth of chest is enormous, and the covering of the ribs and belly plainly showed the amount of work which he had taken in his training; the only falling-off was in the loins. In his attitude he stood rather erect, with his left well advanced, but somewhat low, and the right across the body. He, however, showed a better style of standing, with his legs and body, than in his previous encounter with Mace. Jem showed in much improved form, as regards condition. His face was much thinner than in his last few battles. The muscles of the shoulders were very prominent, and the pectorals and abdominals were a study for an artist. Below the waist he showed tremendous power, which was met by a pair of well-formed legs. As he stood in his usual artistic form, and moved his arms with the freedom of action so particularly his own, the tendons and muscles of the arm and fore-arm moved under the skin as if made of steel. Mace stood in the middle of the ring, rubbing his chest, while King was apparently puzzled what to do to break the ice. Mace, when he put his hands up, worked rather close to King, who feinted with his left, but Mace was ready, and King did not "loose" it. They sparred for an opening, until Mace stepped back, and again rubbed his chest. King worked close, feinted with his left, and followed it up by boldly going in with a good left-hander on the left side of the forehead, and missed with the right. Mace got his left on the cheek slightly, but not with sufficient force to stop King's rush, who forced Mace back until he neared the ropes, where he fell backwards from a slip. Time, 2¼ min.

2. Mace came up smiling, and, as before, stood up in the middle of the ring. King smiled, walked up to Mace, and feinted with the left. Mace got well away out of distance, and rubbed his chest. They sparred until within distance, when King hit short, and Mace missed a vicious left-hander. King rushed in and forced exchanges, which, although of a wild character, were effective. King's left visited Mace's lip, inflicting a cut from which blood was soon seen trickling—claimed and allowed for King. Mace, in the half-armed hitting, got on King's left eye, but King bored in, and both went down, Mace under. Time, 4 min.

3. When time was called, both came up eagerly. Mace showed a tinge of blood from the right side of his mouth, which was also swollen, from the force of the blow. King was only flushed on the cheek and nose. Very little sparring took place before King loosed his left, but was short. Mace took advantage of this opening, and jumped in with the left, which landed on the left eye. King, in return, dashed in, and planted the left on the left cheek. Mace met him with the left on the forehead. King continued his rush, and forced Mace to the ropes, where he slipped down.

4. King was up first when time was called, but did not show much damage. Mace was swollen about the mouth, and had the left cheek much flushed. They sparred for a short time, until King again commenced proceedings by letting go the left, but, although well intended, Mace was out of the way, laughing. On King getting within distance, he waited for no ceremony, but dashed the left on the body, and the right at the head. Mace stopped the latter, and broke ground. Some very pretty sparring ensued, until King fancied he was within fair reach, when he let fly the left twice in succession, each being well stopped by Mace. King persevered, and tried with both hands; but Mace very cleverly judged his distance, and got back from both attempts. King, determined to be busy, followed Jem, who steadied Tom with a left-hander on the right eye; and, as Tom bored in, Mace delivered another with good effect on the right eye. King, in the return, got the left on the mouth, and forced Mace down.

5. Mace was up with eagerness when time was called. His mouth was swollen, and his left cheek getting discolored. King was flushed on the left cheek-bone and nose. After some sparring, King dashed in, and, catching Mace round the neck, some tremendous half-armed hitting on the head and face ensued. Mace visited the nose heavily; King on the left eye. They then fought desperately to the ropes, the hitting being in Mace's favor, when, after a short tussle, both went down together. Time, 9 min.

6. Both came up to the call of time with great quickness, although blowing from the fast fighting of the previous round. Mace had his mouth rather more swollen than in the previous bout, and his right eye very much flushed. King's nose was ornamented by a bump, and the left eye darkening in color. There was the usual sparring for an opening, until they got together, when left-handed counters took place on the nose and cheek. King would not be denied, but went to work, and forced exchanges, which exhibited fine fighting, Mace getting on the nose and King on the mouth. A rattling rally ensued, until they fought to the ropes, when they closed, and Mace was uppermost in the fall, after a sharp struggle.

7. The call of time was quickly obeyed by each, Mace having a graze on the left side of his nose, in addition to his other punishment; King also having his nose enlarged. They only sparred until King could manage to get within reach, when he dashed the left at the head, but Mace got away cleverly. Mace steadied himself, and on King going at him, stopped him with a good left-hander on the nose, and got away from the return. The blood flowed from King's nose as he went after Mace, who just avoided the left and right by ducking. King still followed Mace, showing his determination to force the fighting, and exchanges at half-arm followed, until Mace was fought into his own corner, where he got down.

8. Very little time was lost in sparring, for King, having received orders to force the fighting, went to work with a will, and sent out his left at the head; Mace stopped this cleverly, and got out of distance, when King tried again. Tom followed Mace, and as he retreated, planted the left on the chest, and followed it up with a right-hander on the ribs, which staggered Mace; perceiving which, King rushed in, and some very random but heavy hitting took place at close quarters, until King fought Mace down in the centre of the ring, and, falling over him, rolled on to his head. Time, 19 min.

9. Notwithstanding the great pace at which the men had been fighting, and the heavy punishment administered on both sides, the effects did not show to such an extent as might have been expected, thus proving the thorough condition of the men. King, as in the previous rounds, forced the fighting, and led off with the left at the head with great vigor; Mace stopped it, and was about to counter, when he saw King preparing himself for a rush; he then broke ground, with King after him, who got the left on Jem's right eye with effect; after which, he rushed at Mace, caught him round the waist, and forced him, by sheer strength, backwards, towards the ropes. Mace finding he could not stop King's rush, caught him round the neck and put on the hug, and held him until the superior weight of King sent Jem through the ropes on to his back, Mace only avoiding hitting the stakes with his head by the merest shave.

10. Mace came up apparently none the worse from the fall in the previous round, but was bleeding from the cut on the nose, which had received a smart tap in the meeting. King's eyes were discolored, and his nose and mouth swollen, but was obviously very strong on his legs. From the manner in which the men got together when they faced, it was evident that business was meant. Very little sparring took place before King opened the ball, by attempting to draw Mace to lead off, but finding that was of no avail, he went straight to his man and began with both hands, the left landing on the nose heavily and the right on the mouth. Mace was not idle, for he visited the left eye with the left, and missed a dangerous right-hander at the jaw. King forced his way to a close, and placed his left arm round Jem's neck, when several severe blows were exchanged at the head, until Mace, by superior skill, shifted King's hold, and threw him rather heavily.

11. Mace was first up to time, having his nose much more swollen than previously. King was flushed and discolored under both eyes, and had a cut on the bridge of his nose. They sparred cautiously until Mace was within distance, when he thought to steal a march on King by trying the double with the left; but finding Tom would not stand that, he dashed his right on the nose, King, almost at the same instant, retaliating by a right-hander on the left ear. Mace, very quick on his legs, got within distance, planted his left on the nose heavily, and, ducking his head, missed receiving a tremendously severe right-hander, which was wasted in the air, to the vociferous rejoicing of Mace's admirers. King, rather out of temper at Mace having escaped his onslaught, tried a couple of left-handers, both of which were well stopped by Mace, who broke ground very prettily. Some sparring ensued, until Mace put down his hands, and invited King to "come on," amidst shouts from Jem's corner of "King, how's your poor nose?" Sparring ensued until King could no longer keep himself at arm's-length, but went in headlong at Mace, yet from his impetuosity missing with both hands. Mace was more successful in delivering the left on the left eye, but was eventually forced down to the ropes by the sheer weight of King. Time, 26 min.

12. Both well up to time, each showing more decidedly the effects of the punishment administered. Mace was much swollen about the mouth and nose, his left eye being also flushed and puffed. King was bleeding from a "dig," on the nose; his left eye was cut and swelling, but he was as strong on his legs as at the commencement. Tom soon tried his left, but was short; Mace, in return, succeeded in finding a landing-place on the nose, and ducked at the return. King, who went impetuously to work, closed, and very good half-armed exchanges at the head took place, until King forced Mace into his corner, where Jem got down.

13. After sparring for some little time, Mace worked Tom towards the ropes, where he got the left on the nose twice in succession. King would not be denied, but went to work at Mace with both hands, left and right. Jem got away cleverly,

but King, getting again within reach, tried the left, which Mace stopped, and following it up with a severe right-hander on the jaw, knocked Jem down. First knock-down was claimed and allowed by the referee.

14. King was strong on his legs, but with some very striking proofs of Mace's handiwork on the nose, eyes, and mouth. Mace, notwithstanding the knockdown in the previous round, came up very strong, but having his nose swollen, the left cheek-bone puffed, and his mouth bleeding. King, as soon as he was within range, forced the fighting by going at it with a rush, but Mace steadied him with a rare left-hander. King closed, and forced exchanges at half-armed distance until Mace got the hold, and threw King a heavy back-fall. Time, 31 minutes. Betting: 2 to 1 offered on Mace.

15. Mace came up very eagerly to the call of time, King not being quite so anxious to leave his corner as heretofore. They sparred for a short time, until Mace crept within distance, and tried a left-hand delivery at the head; King stopped it very prettily, and went to in-fighting with both hands. The right and left-handed exchanges were of a tremendous character—on the nose, mouth, and jaw—on both sides, until they closed, when King threw Mace very heavily, and fell upon him. An appeal was made to the referee about some composition being put upon Mace's hands, and, upon that functionary inquiring about the matter, he was threatened by some one in Mace's corner to have his head broken. This threat did not intimidate the referee, a veteran at this game, and he properly ordered Mace to wash his hands, which were immediately sponged, in compliance with the order.

16. Very little sparring ensued before Mace crept within distance, and dashed his left fairly into King's damaged left eye, opening the previous cut to some further extent. King, very eager and wild, forced a close, when the half-armed hitting with both hands was very effective, and, Mace, getting a good hold, again threw King with violence.

17. King was bleeding from the left eye as he came up; the right eye was also discolored, and his nose much swollen. Mace had his left eye swollen, his nose bleeding from the cut on the side of the bridge, and his lips also bleeding, but strong on his legs. King, as soon as he was within distance, forced the fighting, which was of a wild and rambling description. King was very impetuous in his deliveries, and Mace, in endeavoring to avoid the onslaught, retreated, stopping with both hands wildly, until he fell on his back. As he was falling, King sent out the left and right, but neither took effect. The betting at this time was 3 and 4 to 1 on Mace!

18. As soon as they faced each other, King, who fought very savagely, went straight at Mace, who met him with a left-hander on the eye, King getting on the mouth. Mace then tried the double successfully on the nose. King went resolutely in, just escaping Mace's left, which shot over his shoulder, but received Jem's right on the mouth. King still bored in, and forcing Mace to the ropes, hung on him for a moment or so, but with a most manly feeling, loosed him. Time 34 min. 5 to 1 on Mace offered.

19. This was the "great sensation" round of the fight, a parallel to which does not exist in pugilistic records. Both men were strong as giants, and full of determination. King was, as in the previous rounds, very anxious to commence hostilities, but Mace was this time equally eager, and had evidently made up his mind to force the pace, feeling within himself he had his opponent safe. King feinted with the left, but Mace baulked him and tried the double; he, however, stopped as he delivered his left, and leaned forward in consequence. King seized the opportunity with great readiness, and delivered a terrific shot with his right direct from the shoulder, giving the full weight of his frame to the blow, which fell on poor Mace's nose, left eye, and cheek. King's brawny fist actually seemed to smash all before it with the force of a battering-ram, and Mace, instantly suffering the whole shock, doubled up, and fell helpless at his opponent's feet, bleeding profusely from the nose, eyes, and mouth. This unexpected turn of events caused the utmost consternation amongst Mace's backers, for it was generally admitted that perhaps such a tremendous blow had never before been delivered in the prize-ring. King then stalked to his corner, laughing at his sudden triumph, amidst the vehement cheers of his partisans, while Mace was picked up by his seconds, and carried to his corner in a state of almost total insensibility.

20. The seconds of King, after hurriedly attending to their man, were very eager in their inquiries that "time" should be called. The seconds of Mace had all their work to bring him up in any way fit to appear at the scratch, and had not Jem with the greatest gameness endeavored to shake off the effects of the blow, all their attentions would have been of no avail. Mace staggered to the scratch, evidently all abroad from the terrific blow, the effects of which completely closed his left eye, and swelled his cheek level with his forehead. King, as soon as Mace left his seconds' hands, walked to him, and again knocked him down with a left-hander on the nose with apparent ease. It was now obvious that it required but very little to finish Mace.

21 and last. Mace required all the time allowed before he could leave his corner, and presented a pitiable object. He staggered towards his adversary with his head hanging down, and evidently with no knowledge of what he was about, with the exception of having to face King. Tom walked to him, and evidently with consideration and leniency, scarcely more than pushed him down; and it was clear from the commotion in Mace's corner, that the game was up, which was verified by the sponge being thrown up by Jem's brother, as the usual sign of defeat. The game Mace, however, when conscious of what had been done on his behalf, rose from his second's knee, and, staggering like a drunken man, muttered his wish to fight on, but his party, who were satisfied that it would only be standing a severe punishment hopelessly, refused to allow him, and when he found that victory was absolutely declared in favor of King, he cried with bitter mortification. In King's corner there was a scene of great enthusiasm, and, before dressing, the men were apparently on better terms than before the fight. This model encounter was thus brought to the above unexpected termination, after the men had been fighting exactly thirty-eight minutes.

REMARKS.

Although the fight of yesterday took a sudden and totally unexpected turn, it was from beginning to end highly creditable and satisfactory to all parties actively concerned. Critically speaking, there was little left to desire in the pugilistic qualities of either man. Tom King, of course, had an immense superiority in weight and height, being no less than 2st 2lb the heavier man, and five inches the taller, added to which, his advantage in length of reach, as mentioned in our previous account, was something quite remarkable. There was not a pin's point to choose between the men in condition, and they both deserve the utmost credit for their studious application to training. King showed decided improvement since his first fight, but scarcely to the extent that might have been expected; but he has learned marked cleverness with his left, as well as being a far better judge of time and distance. He has, however, lost none of his former impetuosity, and it may almost be said that to this characteristic, fortunate as it has proved, he owes his present victory. Without question, he has made good use of his "apprenticeship" in his first battles. His attitude is altogether more artistic, but his great length destroys the neatness of appearance in comparison to Mace. There is no doubt, however, that he was "rilled" in the midst of the fray, and he must learn to curb that feeling on future occasions, or it will inevitably lead him into danger. King is wonderfully active for a big one, but occasionally lacks composure in his deliveries, and especially lets fly his right in the wildest possible manner. Mace's style is familiar to nearly all our readers, but Jem was certainly not seen in his best form. The fact is, that, although possessing all the essential qualities for Champion of England in courage, endurance, skill, and science, he is overpowered by the natural advantages of such a man as King—young, fresh, and moderately clever. The fight was equally balanced up to about the middle, as will generally be the case when science is matched against superiority in weight and length, as it requires time to wear a big one down to the weight of the lesser combatant. Mace's attitude, was, as usual, beautifully artistic, and, as in all his previous encounters, he got away to avoid punishment with a cleverness and dexterity that fairly struck the beholders with amazement. From about the tenth round, it appeared to experienced judges certainly quite 3 to 1 on Mace, although as much as 5 to 1 was offered by Jem's enthusiastic friends. The tide was turned in a most extraordinary manner by, undeniably, a chance shot received in the nineteenth round, when King, seizing the opportunity of a short delivery and a slight slip on Mace's part, dashed a terrific cross-counter, which he sent in with all the force of his gigantic strength. The crushing blow sounded with a dull, heavy thud, all round the ring, and Mace doubled up, and went down as if struck with a poleaxe. From this point, further struggling on Jem's part seemed hopelessly futile, but the gallant fellow, determined to do or die, wished to have another fling, although the sponge had been thrown up. The result is, that Mace's friends may well regard the issue as accidental, although in all encounters with "big 'uns," men of Jem's size will always run such chances; as it was with a random, but similarly terrific blow that Hurst completely knocked Paddock out of time in their fight for the Championship. It was admitted on all sides that up to the "Armstrong gun" hit, in the nineteenth round, the fortunes of the day were all on Mace's side, and hence, as will be found in another place, his friends resolved to issue a fresh challenge at once, and, indeed, have already deposited £20 for a fresh match. Heenan, who was present, watched the struggle with immense interest, but Tom Sayers, having missed his train, did not arrive until the fight had been decided. The "Benicia Boy's" opinion is entitled to some respect; and we may say that he was disappointed in what he witnessed, as he expressed his belief that Mace was over-rated, while he looked upon King in any case as only moderate. King himself and his backers have resolved that he shall retire from the ring with all "his blushing honors thick upon him," so that if he does not accept Mace's fresh challenge, the latter will again take the belt. Both men showed the severe nature of the fighting in the head punishment received. King had two black eyes, and his nasal organ was badly discolored and bumped. Mace's face, from the one attack specified, was fearfully damaged; one side of his face presenting all the appearance of a piece of raw liver. The return journey to London was accomplished in little over an hour, the "special" arriving in the metropolis shortly after two o'clock, and an immense crowd awaited the *voyageurs* at the Fenchurch street station.

THE BELT.

According to the rule to be observed on such occasions, the belt was duly deposited at the stakeholder's on Monday, by Jem Myers, on Mace's behalf. King will come into immediate possession of the trophy, upon leaving the customary guarantee.

FRESH CHALLENGE FROM MACE.

Immediately the "fighting party" returned to London, Captain Graham, one of Mace's backers, and several other gentlemen, called at the *Sporting Life* office, to state that they were dissatisfied with the result of the fight, and had deposited £20 on behalf of Mace, to meet King in a fresh match, for the belt and any sum up to £500 a side. Mace's supporters attribute their man's defeat solely to what they deem an "accidental blow," delivered in the course of the nineteenth round.

ANOTHER REPORT.

To give our readers an opportunity to see "what is what," we here give the rounds and remarks of *Bell's Life* of Nov. 30.

Round 1. The moment so fraught with interest and excitement to the partisans of the belligerents had now arrrived; the busy and careful work of the seconds was at last completed to their entire satisfaction, and the men were delivered at the scratch. While their toilets were being arranged, the "making ready" had been eagerly watched by all with almost breathless silence. As Jem turned to face his opponent, he gave a momentary glance at the sky, whose dull, cheerless aspect, was anything but calculated to enliven the combatants. Both advanced to the scratch with that firm, confident step, which denotes the action of well-drilled practitioners. The moment they had met, the right mawley was extended with manly frankness, and now there came that gripping of the hand which is so pleasing to witness. The customary salutation completed, the seconds retired to their respective corners, so that the belligerents were left to themselves. Perhaps the first thing that riveted the attention of the spectators, as the men stood front to front, was the striking difference in height which existed between them. It had been confidently stated that Mace had never been in better condition, and certainly as he stood thus confronting his antagonist there was nothing in his appearance that even the most fastidious could for a moment find fault with, and in all things he looked a far superior man to what he did at their former meeting. In weight, Jem, when he last poised the beam, pulled down 11st 4lb, and with inward confidence beaming in his every look, he stated it was impossible for a man to feel better; and this assurance there can be no doubt had great weight with his admirers, many of whom from over-caution, had waited for this opinion from Mace himself, before they had ventured to "put it on." Jem is unquestionably a fine-made fellow about the chest and loins, and possesses plenty of wear and tear. If condition of itself could alone endow a man with the requisite "resin" to tune the first fiddle in such a grand pugilistic overture, Tom might well put the thing down as a "certainty," for it must be admitted he was all the most critical could desire, and spoke of the result with a confidence devoid of anything in the shape of braggadocio. The moment the men had been "set" by their seconds, there was perceptible that twitch and shrug of the shoulders which denote a disapproval of the morning air. Jem having put up the prop in proper order, drew from range, and of his position it may well be said the skill of the master was at a glance displayed, for he was well covered at all points. Tom also stood remarkably well, and although by some good judges he is stated to be a little too fine about the loins, and by no means deep set enough in the jaw and neck, yet we think it will at once be conceded by all impartial persons, that he looked a most formidable opponent. Mace, as he manœuvred, looked at his man with a sharp penetrating glance, as though he was mentally summing up "the King's affairs." The result seemed most satisfactory, for Jem gave one of his well-known jerks of his nob, as much as to say "Tom, I intend to give you another dressing." King smiled at his man, as to intimate if he really imagined he was capable of dressing him again, he would oblige by being quick about it, as there needed something in the shape of excitement to warm up the system. After a little sparring, Mace drew from range and dropped his mawleys, and then with his right rubbed his breast and arms. King imitated this action, as he felt numbed about the arms, and thought it necessary to do the burnishing to promote the circulation. Jem, with a cautious step, drew into range, and then by way of a feeler slightly let go the left, but Tom, who was decidedly quicker on his pins than we had found him in any of his preceding battles, got well away with the back step, thus showing that these efforts of his opponent to draw out his guard, were not likely to be successful. As Mace broke for the purpose of getting from distance, King dashed at him in a most impetuous manner, and missed administering a fine right handed shot from the fore-arm. Mace, as Tom came on for the purpose of forcing the fighting, retreated, but when just opposite the referee and umpire, the men closed, when Jem, finding he was likely to get in an awkward position, ducked his head and went down, King looking at him. Both men were loudly cheered, and as there was just a shade of commotion among those who formed the uprights of the outer circle, Professor Duncan, attended by the "faculty," promptly administered a mild dose of his efficacious remedy for disorder, the "syrup of whips," and the cure was instantaneous.

2. A moment's pause, and then there came booming across the ring the magical call of "Time," and with the eagerness of men to whom nothing is more welcome than that summons, they sprang almost simultaneously from the knees of their seconds, and with a firm step came to the scratch. The first plunge is the great thing in all matters, and the combatants having taken their preliminary "header" by getting over the opening bout, now were feeling themselves "all there." After they had toed the mark, Jem drew back, and after again just rubbing his hands, folded his arms on his breast. Tom also dropped his mawleys, and thus both being completely from range, stood eyeing each other like two game cocks. Mace, thinking that active measures would be immeasurably more advantageous than delay, now led the left, but did not get it home, as King got well from range. Tom now came dashing at his opponent's right arm and put in another from the fore-arm on the kisser, which had the effect of producing a slight show of the crimson, so that, as on the former occasion, Tom won the first of the leading points, as first blood was claimed by his seconds, and admitted. Jem, after getting home slightly from the half-arm with the left and right on the dial, closed with his man, when, finding he was likely to get into an awkward position, he slipped from his antagonist, and again got down. There was, as the combatants were on the instant covered by their seconds, a deal of excitement round the ring, which was put an end to by the ring-keepers.

3. Jem was the first to rise from his corner, but no sooner did the busy seconds of King see that his antagonist was on the move, than they gave the office, and with that impetuosity of action so characteristic of him, he at once advanced to the scratch. After shifting, changing position, and taking fresh ground, King went dashing at his man for the purpose of forcing the fighting, and, getting partly over Jem's right cross guard, planted the left on the right cheek, and with a wild slinging round hit from the right, also got home on the side of the knowledge box. Mace, in the counter-hitting, administered one with his stinging left on the jaw, when, as Tom was not to be kept out, they closed. In the struggle for the fall, King got his right arm round his man, and they went down near the referee, in a curious, awkward fall, Mace, who had his head bent down, hitting the top part of it against the ground. It was imagined by many at the moment that Jem might have received some severe harm, but they were soon convinced to the contrary; for, when the men had become disentangled, and Jem, with his usual agility, had righted, he looked up with a broad grin, as much as to say, "Don't be uneasy, I'm all right." There was in the excitement again a slight manifestation of pressure in "Court," the "special jury" being the least bit inconvenienced, but Duncan, as head usher, brought up his efficient corps to point, and the weight of this legal element was on the instant sufficient to restore matters to their proper balance, and the business of this admiraby kept ring went on as smoothly as ever.

4. While the combatants were in their corners, every movement of their seconds was watched with the utmost minuteness, and it was a treat to observe in what fine order they sent them up to the mark. Tom was the first to present his towering height at the scratch, but was almost in an instant met by his opponent. Bos Tyler pointed at Mace, in a good-humored manner, as much as to intimate Jem had had some of the burnishing powder. Mace feinted with the left, but, finding he could not get in with artistic effect, he did not let it go freely from the shoulder. Tom, for the purpose of taking better range, followed up, and with the left got home on the right cheek, and also put in one from the right. As Mace broke to get away, Tom hit out with both mawleys, but did no execution, as Mace threw the left off well with the right guard. After slight sparring and manœuvring, Tom led the left, but it was not sent sufficiently well in to be effective, nor did he meet with any better success in following up with a wild hit from the right, for Jem drew well out of range. On again coming to distance, King worked his right arm backwards and forwards, as though he intended to let it go, but did not. As Jem shifted, Tom followed, when Mace got home a fine left-handed hit on the jaw. The combatants in the most spirited manner fought across the ring, Mace administering some of the cayenne with both mawleys. In the close, both struggled for the fall, when Tom got from his man and went to grass in his own corner.

5. Mace was the first to come from his corner, but he had not long to wait before Tom faced him. Both men were considerably pinked, and their physiognomies now possessed more touches of beauty than are to be found in the photographs of them in Geo. Newbold's collection of celebrities. Jem, as he came from his corner, bent his head forward, as though he was mentally debating in what new manner he should try to get well at his man, who, by the rapid style in which he had been fighting, had given proof that he was a dangerous antagonist. King, the instant he had put up his hands, went dashing to force the fighting. With the left he administered a stinger on the right cheek, and followed up with a half-round hit from the right. Mace, as his opponent rushed at him to close, drew out, but Tom, not to be denied, followed up, when, in a rally, Jem pegged away with both mawleys, left and right, with astonishing rapidity, doing a great deal of heavy execution. In the close they struggled for the fall, when Mace threw his man in clever style, near the ropes. [The friends of Mace were in ecstacies, and long odds were offered on their pet.]

6. Tom, in the first two or three rounds, had unquestionably had a shade the best of it, from the style in which he had gone dashing at his man, and the quickness he had displayed. Mace did not exhibit that steadiness in his practice that he afterwards did. Now, however, that Jem had got the true measure of his man, there was a total change in his tactics, and the manner in which he now fought proved he was in all respects greatly superior to the "big-'un" in science. Both, on presenting themselves at the mark, bore evidence of having been by no means idle, for Jem was swelled about the ivories in a very conspicuous manner, while King, from the appearance of his left peeper, gave unmistakable proof of having been warmed up; he was likewise slightly bleeding from the nose. Still there had been no serious damage done on the part of either. After some little manœuvring, the combatants changing and shifting position, King dashed at his antagonist in his usual style, getting home left and right on the head. Mace met his man as he came with the rush on the milling suit, and, in one of the finest rallies that could be witnessed, the combatants fought right across the ring, and there was something delightful to the admirers of boxing in Jem's style of fighting his man with both hands, left and right, at the nob. These blows were delivered with a rapidity that was quite electrifying, being sent ding-dong, straight home, so that Jem was all over his man in an instant, the blows making an impression as though Tom had been stamped with a couple of dies. Tom was by no means idle, but also pegged away at his man with the left on the head and the right on the body in merry fashion. In the close, they got on the ropes, when Jem for the moment touched the top one with his right hand, but Tom having shifted his position, the men struggled for the fall, when Tom, as a termination to this well fought round, was under.

7. As the battle progressed, so did it increase in interest, for there was a marked speciality about the manner in which it was being fought, that could not possibly fail to enhance its importance among the Corinthians. There can be no disputing, both men had been, from the commencement, fighting remarkably well, and the battle, as will be seen, had already presented two striking and prominent features, for though, until Jem had thoroughly got the measure of his man, King had in the opening bout been considered to have a slight lead, yet the style in which Mace was now performing was sufficient to convince all that there had not been the slightest mistake made in his merits as regards milling excellence. The combatants came simultaneously from their corners. Tom, as he stood at the scratch, opened his month and rubbed his hands, and then, on again putting himself into position, drew out and retreated to his own corner, Mace following. Both, as they again drew to range, steadied themselves, and in a fine counter with the left got well home, Jem doing execution on the snout, Tom on the top part of the cranium. Mace, on breaking, got to the ropes, when, as Tom came boring in to a close, he slipped from the embrace of the young giant, and went down.

8. From the manner in which the tints had been rubbed in, it was apparent the colors had been well worked up, though this was much more conspicuous on Tom's dial than his opponent's, for King's left peeper had a small lump on the side of it, while the nose and mouth looked a good deal puffed. Tom, as usual, taking the initiative, lunged out the left, but did no execution, as he was not well to distance. Mace, after King had opened with this wild hit, took up a fresh position, and in doing so, as he was followed by his antagonist, he hit the back part of his head against the stake. As Tom pressed in, Jem pulled himself together, and after some fine left-handed counter hitting, in which Mace delivered very heavily on the middle of the head, they closed, and went down, Mace through the ropes. The battle had now lasted 22 minutes, and it had been nothing but down-right hard fighting, and no mistake.

9. King made another dash at Jem, "on hostile thoughts intent," and got home apparently a hot-un on the right squinter, but there was no sign of injury, evidently owing to Jem's excellent condition. Jem instantly returned a severe propper on the dial with the left, and then countered a second effort on the part of King, who essayed his right. Tom, desperate, now dashed in with determination, and bored his man through the ropes, to the delight of the Kingites, who, however, declined to take 6 to 4, freely offered by the backers of Mace.

10. Mace, the instant the signal was given, came forth with the utmost alacrity to renew the struggle. King, as an opening to the attack, lunged out the left, and administered a telling spank on Jem's right jaw; and then, as Tom came dashing on, the men fought in a fine two-handed rally right across the ring, when King got his man's nob for an instant in the right arm lock, and pegged away in the fibbing beautifully. Jem, like a good tactician, extricated himself; and after some severe milling, in which Mace got in the most telling manner on his man's mouth, cheek, and nose—going, in fact, all over the dial with his regulators in a rapid and surprising manner—the men closed at the ropes, right opposite to the umpire and referee, when Jem got his man in position, and gave him a fair back-heel fall.

11. When the combatants came from their corners, the effect of Jem's hitting in the last bout was plainly to be noticed, for King's left eye was still further improved, and he also bore some additional marks on his physiognomy. Tom again was the first to commence the attack, and in leading, got home the left on the right cheek, and followed in with one from the right on the side of the pimple. Jem, who timed his man beautifully, administered another tremendous left-hander on the mazzard, when Tom's nob, from its effect, went waving back. On the instant, however, the game fellow pulled himself together, and dashed at his man to renew the struggle, when Jem met him and delivered a tremendous left-hander on the nose, which produced a rather copious supply of the ruby. As Mace took fresh ground, Tom, with his usual style of bending his head slightly forward, went dashing at him. They again fought in a regular ding-dong, give and take fashion, to a close, when Tom, while receiving Jem's severe props on the dial, made use of the right once or twice in a very efficient manner on the body, when Mace got from his man and went down. The referee now got into the ring and crossed to Tom's corner, for the purpose of calling the attention of the seconds of Tom to a slight mistake that had been made while Jem was down; but there is not the slightest necessity to particularize, as there was no harm done, and the gallant Tom was only spoken to by the way of a friendly warning.

12. In a splendid rally they fought left and right to a close, Mace again in his telling manner doing with both mawleys tremendous execution. The men, who had fought right across the ring, closed in Mace's corner, when Jem got down, Tom falling on him. During this round the referee had several times to caution the seconds, who, in a most reprehensible manner, followed their principals so closely as frequently to be in the way. This practice, we regret to say, is getting again common, and must be at once put a stop to. Such men as those who were employed in this mill should rather glory in being exceptions instead of following the rule.

13. The men again went to work in a spirited and determined manner. Jem, with the left, got well home on the front of his man's dial, when Tom, with the right, administered some of his lamb's-wool on the ribs. As Jem broke to get from his man, King followed, when Mace went to grass.

14. No sooner had the men advanced from their corners than Mace, getting well to measure, delivered a fine left-hander full on the nose, and this stinger had the effect of causing Tom's head to twist as though it had been severely shaken. As Jem shifted position, Tom, not to be denied, came dashing at him to force the fighting, when, after some merry exchanges, they closed, and in the fall went down together in the centre of the ring. Tom, on being taken to his corner, had his left eye marked as though it had been japanned with the best Day & Martin, and the referee, noticing this rather unusual appearance, went into King's corner to make a more accurate observation. He then crossed to Mace's side of the ring to make further examination, and warned the seconds that he would not allow any unfair advantage to be taken; and as there were some very suspicious looks about Jem's mawleys, he insisted on their being washed. Tom's umpire, Mr. Richardson, also went to his man's corner, when he complained that he thought there was something put on his eye; and certainly we must say we never remember any similar circumstance to have occurred in the whole of our experience. It appeared Jem's seconds had most improperly mixed some lampblack with resin, and placed it in their man's hands. There was at this moment a good deal of excitement round the ring, but the indefatigables soon made things all right.

15. This was a merry but a short round, in which Mace had all the best of it, his hits being given with far more precision than Tom's. In the end, King rushed his man down, and fell on him.

16. Tom at once dashed at his man in a vicious manner, when after a fine exchange of compliments, in which each did execution, they closed, and in the fall, Jem, who had all the best of the fighting, was under.

17. Tom, again acting on the advice of his talented counsel, came dashing in, to force fighting, and with more determination than judgment, hit out left and right, but though he delivered with the left, Tom was a little too round to be effective with the right. Mace, after countering with his antagonist, and getting well home with the left in the middle of the head, and following up at half measure with the right, got well from his man. As Jem took fresh position, Tom followed, and the men, in a rally, fought to the ropes, and in the close, near the referee, got under the top one, and fell partly out of the ring.

18. Such a certainty was the battle looked upon for Jem, and such liberties did he take with his man at the punishing two-handed in-fighting, that Johnny Gideon was almost imploring some one to come and ease his conscience, by taking his offer of £30 to £5, but there was not one of Tom's friends who thought it good enough to suit him. Indeed, Tom's umpire, one of the best judges of milling that ever went to the ropes, said that, bar some extraordinary good luck, Mace could not lose. After some more severe fighting, in which Mace again delivered in the most telling manner on Tom's dial with both mawleys, Tom made a slip in getting from his man, and went down on his knees. On the instant, the game fellow had recovered his perpendicular, and as Jem noticed this, he beckoned him to renew the round. King was willing, but his well-skilled seconds, knowing that Tom was decidedly distressed, and needed nursing, at once closed in and covered their man, so that the round terminated in a little mutual "forensic" badinage between the opposing counsel.

19. "£30 to £5," again shrieked the Rothschild of the Ring, but none of King's partisans responded, so that he had again to put the money back, and a lucky thing too for him, as a momentous change was impending. On the men coming up, there could be no doubt that Jem, feeling within himself like a man who had already got victory within his grasp, was less cautious than usual, and thinking that Tom needed but the *coup de grace*, and fearing that delay might bring the police in the moment of victory, went weaving in to get well to distance, and as he took up his position, he got into a slight hollow of the ring. Jem, who had repeatedly tried to land a clipping cross-counter with his right, had just opened himself for the purpose of trying it on, when Tom, with one of the most tremendous hits we have ever seen, caught him a cross-counter on the left side of the cheek with his right, a blow that seemed to go all over Jem's face with its crushing effect. Jem, who was bleeding from the mouth and nose, reeled and staggered from the effect of this visitation, and then, to the consternation of his friends, fell in the middle of the ring, all of a heap.

20. There was great commotion and excitement in all parts of the ring, and the seconds of Mace were working with a zeal and energy that at once told how extremely critical was the crisis. Tom was the first at the scratch, and was all anxiety for the appearance of his opponent, and looked most intently at the referee. When, however, that functionary had twice repeated his summons, Mace, who had by no means recovered from the effects of the settler he had received, came staggering from his corner. Tom at once dashed at him, and caught him a hot-'un on the proboscis. Jem, in getting away from him, went down all of a heap near the referee's seat.

21 and last. Tom was again at the scratch in waiting for his man, and no sooner had Mace come up than King went to him, and, with a slight push on the head, sent him down. Jem, who was weak and exhausted, and who had the right side of his phiz swelled in the most extraordinary manner from the effects of King's right-hander, was now quite *hors du combat*, and his friends, seeing he had not the remotest chance of winning, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and King was therefore hailed the winner and Champion of England, the battle having lasted exactly 38 minutes.

REMARKS.

Although it is our general custom to give elaborate observations on the different phases of Fights for the Championship, our labors are materially shortened on this occasion, not only by the brevity of the combat, but by the paucity of objects for comment. King certainly fought better and more confidently than on the former occasion, and, were he only a little steadier, would prove a very dangerous customer to any man breathing. He is fresh, young, strong, and a very hard hitter, but the anxiety he displays throughout to be doing something, is so great that it frequently leads him into mischief, which a little more consideration and forethought might easily avoid. Whether he intends to pursue pugilism as a profession we know not; or whether, having arrived at the top of the tree, he means to retire, his blushing honors thick upon him, we are unable to say. He will at once have to decide the question, however, as Mace, on the very day of the battle, forwarded to us £20 to make a fresh match, to come off as soon as King chooses, but within six months. If King means to make this match, of course he will receive the belt, but if he declines, the belt will have to be restored to Mace on the usual conditions, but he will have to count his time from Wednesday last instead of from January last. Of Mace little is required to be said. No one who saw the mill will doubt that he lost it by a fluke. He had the game almost entirely in his own hands until the 19th round, and had he not been so over-confident, we believe must have won. It will be a lesson to him in future not to hold too cheap an opponent who, however deficient in science, may still have a dangerous hit in him, which, even by accident, or something akin to it, as in this case, may confound the experienced tactician, and bring him to grief. That there is now less ground than ever for accusing Jem of cowardice every one must admit. The way he fought throughout gratified every one, and the gameness with which he struggled against nature after the severe hit in the 19th round, was the theme of universal admiration. The loss of the battle has been very serious to him, as he not only found a good deal of his own battle money, but had got out 500 colours. That under the circumstances he will be paid for many of these we cannot doubt, and we trust that all who can appreciate a good man and a true, will follow this example. Mace is, and always has been, a civil, well-conducted man in private, and his recent performances have quite wiped away all blemish on his Ring career, so that he is entitled to all consideration. That he is dissatisfied with the result of the fight may be gathered from the fact that he has called on us to state that if King will not make a fresh match for a stake, his backers are willing to give King a present of £50 to fight Jem in a fortnight, offhand, so that the public may judge whether that battle was a mistake or no. That it will come to this we do not believe, as we fully expect to find that King is prepared to defend his proud position. On the whole, everything passed off satisfactorily, and had it not been for the outrage in Fenchurch-street, which deterred so many from going down, there is no doubt that the attendance would have been far larger, and the affair, altogether, would have deserved better the title of a model mill.

THE GOSS AND PRICE BATTLE.

GOSS WINS AFTER A GALLANT STRUGGLE.

JOE COBURN RULED OUT.

GOSS MATCHED WITH RYALL.

It will be recollected that these men were matched to fight at 10st 12lb, for £25 a-side, on the same day and at the same place that P. Millard, of Bristol, and Nobby Hall fought on the 7th of Oct., but owing to the police interference, and a difficulty in procuring a referee, it was found impossible to bring the fight off. After several meetings, it was agreed to fight in the London district, Goss allowing Price £5 for the choice of place, J. Rook, on the part of Goss, handing over £2 10s to bind the bargain. After a few days, Price made an objection to fighting in or near London, and at last said he would give Goss £5 for the choice of place, and three day's notice of the whereabouts. Goss, in order to bring the match to a conclusion, agreed to this proposition, and both again prepared for the fray. They went to scale on Monday, Nov. 24, at Rooke's, and both came within the weight. Coleshill Heath in Warwickshire, was the place appointed for the meet on Tuesday morning, the time specified for the men to be in the ring being from 8 to 10 o'clock. A good deal of interest was taken in the match, and at a moderate calculation there could not have been less than a thousand persons present, and there is no doubt the attendance would have been much [illegible] Goss and a large company assembled with the appointed referee (Mr. Martin) at Coleshill, at nine o'clock, but by mismanagement or misunderstanding, Price, with his seconds and a host, went to Marston Green (a portion of which is called the Heath, but full two miles away from the spot appointed,) by which a deal of time was lost, and the police were able to get up. The referee then ordered the men to follow him, and a move was at once made to Stonebridge, some miles further on, when a halt was called, and, after a short delay, a snug piece of ground was found, the ring was pitched, and 15 minutes were allowed the men to prepare to enter. Goss, at 12:45, was the first to enter the ring, attended by H. Crutchley and G. Holden of Walsall. Price was some minutes before he entered, attended by Jem Hodgkiss and Joe Wareham. The condition of Goss was first rate, and it is only an act of justice to state that, owing to the great care and attention bestowed by the veteran Jem Hodgkiss on Price, he was a surprise to his friends, for he was as fine as a star. The men, previous to going to scratch, backed themselves, Goss laying £10 to £5. The betting was 2 to 1 on Goss. At six minutes to one o'clock the men were delivered at scratch.

Round 1. The men at once commenced business, Price standing well up, and following Goss all over the ring, who was looking out for an opening, but the old one was well guarded. At last both let fly with the left; Price got home on Goss's mouthpiece, and Goss slightly on the left lug of Price, who got down.

2. Goss, on coming up, was bleeding from the mouth. [First blood for Price.] Both men all over the ring—each cautious. Goss led off on Price's nob, who, in return, got home on Goss's ribs; close fighting home to the ropes, when Price got down.

3. A smart round. Goss slipped, but up in a second, and got well home on the old one's mug, right and left, who, having returned it slightly on Goss's ribs, got down.

4. Another rattling round, Price getting smartly on to Goss's nasal organ. Give and take, Price fighting home to Goss's corner, where both fell.

5. Price's left lug, on coming up, looked damaged; another good round, the old one driving his man into his corner; close fighting, both down, Goss under.

6 to 12. Price led off on Goss's mouthpiece slightly, who, in return, made, for the left lug; a bustling round, the old one again getting Goss on the ropes; both down. The ground began to get very greasy, and the men to slip about, and in the next few rounds little was done, Goss slipping down.

13. Goss led off with right heavily on the ribs; the old one, nothing daunted, placed his left just under the right ogle of Goss, which left a slight mark, and followed it up with a nobber; the men closed, and both down.

14. Both men again got to close work, Goss with his right on the old one's ribs, who, in return, placed his left stingingly on Goss's nob. A struggle for the fall, and both down side by side.

15. Goss came up first, but evidently looking bothered, and to all appearance weak, for he slightly delivered his right on the left lug of the old one, and slipped down.

16. Close and sharp fighting; a close, Goss throwing the old one a cross-buttock, and, from the slippery state of the ground, fell himself on his nob.

17 to 29. The men again at work, the old one surprising his friends by the manner in which he stuck to his opponent, Goss rattling away at the ribs, whilst Price forced his man home to the ropes, over which both fell, Goss under. Several more rattling rounds were fought, Goss evidently suprised at the old one's style.

30. Goss led off, jobbing his man on the chin, closed with him, and threw him a complete somersault.

31. Goss again made for the old one's ribs with his right, but fell short; Price closed and delivered heavily on Goss's breadbasket; a close, and Goss got down. The slippery state of the ground was now such that the men could hardly stand, and it was with difficulty that they could help hitting foul, and the referee said he should pay no attention to the call unless he saw a deliberate foul blow struck. The men fought on, round after round, but their blows did not appear to have any force, for they had hardly a scratch upon them. Towards the latter part of the fight, Price, after some slight exchanges, got down in almost every round. Goss was advised to go in and finish, but Price would not stand up. At last, in the 66th round, Goss went across to meet him, but as soon as Price left his corner he dropped on his knees without a blow, and before the referee could give his decision, Price's friends, seeing he had no chance, threw up the cap in token of defeat, Goss being declared the winner, after fighting 1 hour and 48 minutes. Both men had a narrow escape of being taken by the police as they were getting off the ground to their carriages.

GOSS VS. RYALL.

A match has been made by the landlord of the Old Ram Inn, Smithfield, Birmingham, for Joe Goss to fight Bill Ryal once more, for £100 a side, in the London district. The men or their representatives were to meet at the above house on Wednesday, Dec. 3, to make the money down into £5 a side, and draw articles, between eight and ten o'clock.

PURDY VS. CHALLONER.—W. Purdy, alias Dutch Sam (not Uncle Sam's Young Dutch Sam,) and Barney Challoner, alias The Pieman, fought a battle on Nov. 29, for £20, which resulted in "Samiville my boy" knocking hot cakes out of ye man of piety" in 10 rounds, 21 min. Details next week.

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MISS LIDA HIBBARD, MLLE FLORA,
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN,	P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY,	J. JEROME,	LESLIE MAY,

FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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AGAIN IN THE FIELD.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
The Autocrats of Ethiopeanism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OE THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
TWELVE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
THE GREAT ETHIOPEAN "IRON-CLADS."
C. A. BOYD, Instrumental Leader.
J. F. BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Advance Agent & Director of Publications.
O. D. UNDERWOOD, General Agent.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man. 33-tf

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This new and beautiful temple of amusement will be completed and
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1862.
For elegance and comfort, this Hall will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the country. VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS, embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopian Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
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This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
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LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
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ANTONIO BROS. GREAT WORLD CIRCUS.
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LESSEE AND MANAGER.....A. J. SINK.
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The continued success of this favorite place of resort for all classes, has induced the proprietor to enlarge and redecorate the entire establishment, consisting of a magnificent Hall, attached to which is a splendid Bar Room, well stocked with all kinds of refreshments; also, a large and commodious DINING SALOON, for Ladies and Gentlemen. All reliable performers wishing engagements at the above Hall, will address the proprietor, Box 2061, Chicago, Ill. J. W. HARRISON, Agent. [34-4t*

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NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 15, 1862.
LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF
EDWIN FORREST,
When, in consequence of the
Enthusiasm with which his impersonation of
ESRO, THE BROKER,
Was received on the
FIRST NIGHT OF HIS RE-APPEARANCE
In the part
AFTER AN INTERVAL OF EIGHT YEARS,
THE BROKER OF BOGOTA
Will be repeated
FOR THE SECOND TIME,
ON MONDAY EVENING, DEEMBER 16, 1862,
With new dresses and appointments.
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 16, 1862.
Last night but one of
MATILDA HERON,
Who will appear for the Third Time in her
TRIUMPHANTLY SUCCESSFUL DRAMA OF
EDITH;
OR,
THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.
Lady Edith.....MATILDA HERON.
Box Book now open.
The performance will commence at 7¾; Doors open at 7 o'clock.

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ST. CHARLES STREET, NEW ORLEANS.
THE FAMOUS AND WORLD-RENOWNED
DUPREZ AND GREEN'S
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NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
TO OPEN FOR THE WINTER SEASON.
This Talented Company consists of the following well known Artists:—

J. E. GREEN,	GUSTAVE BIDAUX,
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HARRY SLATE,	C. LAVALLEE,
J. KELK,	J. H. KELLOGG,
G. POND,	SIG. LEWIS,
E. HOLMES,	A. S. PRENTISS,
A. CONNAIR,	JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
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Directors, Managers, and Proprietors,
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PALACE OF MUSIC,
14TH STREET, NEAR 6TH AVENUE.
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, 1862,
and every evening during the week,
The Celebrated and Original
BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
In conjunction with
MISS JULIA GOULD,
Will make their first appearance since their return from
ENGLAND,
Under the Management of J. G. COLLINS.
Christmas Day, two Performances,
36-1t* Afternoon at 3 o'clock, Evening at 7½.

CHILDS & THOMPSONS MINSTRELS.
GREAT SUCCESS.
This famous Troupe, with which are the
GREAT STAR PERFORMERS,
D. W. COLLINS, J. W. THOMPSON,
JOE CHILDS, and NED PALMER,
Are now prosecuting a successful tour in the South West, to the great delight of the people at Cairo, Ill., and vicinity. Their next stand will be at Holley Springs.
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MYER'S HALL,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
This establishment is now occupied by
CAL WAGONER'S ETHIOPEAN OPERA TROUPE,
and is THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.
The Troupe consists of the following FIRST CLASS Artists:

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YANKEE DAN,	BEN CUMMINGS,
C. RIVERS,	MASTER GEORGE,
G. GREEN, and	MISS MILLIE FRANCES.

Proprietor, C. WAGONER. Stage Manager, C. RIVERS.
P. S. A good Banjo player wanted. Address the Proprietor, Brintnall's Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y. 36-1t*

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
THE ORIGINAL
IRISH BOY AND YANKEE GAL,
Commenced their Annual Season at the
WINTER GARDEN,
On MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17th,
and appear every evening during the present week, in their celebrated impersonations.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
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MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Are now playing (what bids fair to be) the most successful engagement ever played, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
34-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

ATHENÆUM,
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This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and improvements. All first-class perfomances, Concerts, &c., can rent it for nights, or play on shares, by addressing
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Academy of Music,
Cleveland, Ohio.
The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
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W. C. WEMYSS,
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MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
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FOX & SPENCER.
The undersigned invite attention to the fact that they have established a SAMPLE ROOM,
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CHARLEY FOX,
GEO. F. WHITNEY,
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MINSTRELS WANTED.—From six to ten first-class Minstrel performers wanted. For address, call or send to the CLIPPER OFFICE, New York. 35-2t

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CLEVELAND, OHIO.
One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West. Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager. 24-

JULES STRATTON,
CELEBRATED TENOR AND BALLADIST,
Is desirous of engaging with any first class and respectable Troupe. None others need apply. Address
36-1t* J. STRATTON, 371 4th street.

MANAGERS OF CIRCUSES, MINSTRELS, THEATRES, and TRAVELING COMPANIES, in want of an experienced Agent and Advertiser, would do well to address immediately JOE COOK, No. 36 Holliday street, Baltimore, Md. [36-4t

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
SECOND WEEK OF THE GRAND PANTOMIME
OF
HARLEQUIN JACK SHEPPARD,
WITH ALL ITS
GORGEOUS EFFECTS,
SPLENDID SCENERY,
WONDERFUL TRICKS,
GRAND TRANSFORMATIONS,
AND THE SUPERB
PYRAMIDICAL CASCADE AND SHOWER OF GOLD.
The Unrivalled Troupe of Pantomimists.
TONY DENIER, HERNANDEZ FOSTER,
GEORGE BROOKS, W. STANTON,
JULIA CRISTINE.
First time of the powerful drama of intense interest, entitled the
COURT FOOL.
Mr. G. C. Boniface.....as.....The Court Fool.
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....as.....Blanche.
SKY ROCKETS; OR, FEMALE PIRATES.
Lieutenant Hotspur Sky Rocket.....Mrs. W. G. Jones.
Pitch and Tar.....Miss Fanny Denham.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE,	MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG,	SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI,	MONS. CHARLES,

And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes....$5 and $10.	

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

MELODEON CONCERT HALL,
136 FIFTH STREET, between Morgan & Franklin avenues,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
NICK WILSEY & TOM OSBORNE.....Proprietors.
FRANK HOWARD.....Stage Manager.
P. LEE.....Treasurer.
The above beautiful place of amusement is now open for the season, with the following mammoth combination of stars.

Messrs. J. W. ANDREWS,	Md'lles ADA LAURENT,
OSCAR WILLIS,	MARION HINKLEY,
I. V. CHADDUCK,	SOPHIA WALTON,
J. W. CORCORAN,	EMMA WINTHROP,
FRANK HOWARD,	NELLIE CLIFFORD,
J. S. BERNARD,	FANNY WEAVER,
W. H. GRIFFIN,	LIZZIE DAVIS,
W. D. STORY,	JULIA GRAY,
PROFF. NAVOO,	NELLY WELSH,
LEON BERGER, and	ANNIE STEVENS,
Don SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE.	MILLIE SANDERS.

Performers of acknowledged ability treated with on liberal terms. Address WILSEY & OSBORNE, St. Louis, Mo. [36-1t*

"ELEGANTRIUM—AURA POPULARIS."
The superb muscular developments—the forms of Antæus—the sinews of Milo—the skill of Athletes, are embodied in the
GREAT BROTHERS ROLLANDE,
GUILLAUME and HENRI,
who produce
"ZATAERIODYNAMICALEXERCITATION,"
comprehensively including all the correct and classical delineations of their acts—severally entitled:
"LES DEUX HOMMES DE L'AIR,"
"L'ATELIER DE CANOVA,"
"LOS DOS PAISANOS," AND
"LOS HERMANOS RECREADOS,"
being the primogenial divertissements of these distinguished representatives of ACROBATIQUE AND GYMNASTIQUE diversions.
M. EDMOND ROLLANDE, Agent,
36-2t* 331 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GAYETY MUSIC HALL, ALBANY.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor..COL HARRY HOWARD.
Stage Manager.....JAMES CAMPBELL.
Scenic Artist.....GEORGE WILLIAMS.
Property Maker.....JOHN ROBERTS.
Leader of Orchestra.....J. G. GRESHAM.
The only place of Amusement in the City.
The following Ladies and Gentlemen are now performing at this Establishment:

CHARLEY KANE,	MISS KATE WALTERS,
PONY SMITH,	MISS JENNIE JOHNSON,
CHARLEY PETTENGILL,	MISS ESTELLA,
I. TREWOLLA	MAST. DIAMOND,
C. TREWOLLA,	GUS. CLARK,
JAMES CAMPBELL.	36-1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT, by J. BOGAN, 139 First avenue, at 50 cents per lesson. On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Dancing. 36-1t*

A. B. MORRIS, formerly Agent for Reynolds & Hartell's Select Concerts, is enquired for by J. E. HARTEL, Medina, N. Y. He has some good news for him. 36-1t

OUR LETTER BOX.
☞ We have letters for Misses Isadora and Victoria Barnes; Wm. Kennedy, Lent's Circus; C. B. Reynolds, London letter; J. F. Poole; Jackson Haines; Harry Causland; Robert Heller; H. S. Rumsey, and Johnny Booker.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
CRITICISMS AND NOTICES FROM OTHER PAPERS.
EXCELLENT and well-merited notices and criticisms of performers and performances frequently appear in journals which may have an extensive local circulation, but which are rarely seen outside of the city where they are published. We have repeatedly been requested to copy such notices, in the CLIPPER, not gratuitously, but as a matter of business. By giving them publicity in the CLIPPER they attain a wider and more general circulation, both in Europe and America. We have considered the matter over, and if our friends desire it, we will prepare a special department in our Theatrical Record, in which notices and criticisms from other papers will be inserted for one shilling per line. Those who may wish to take advantage of this offer, will please send along their favors at once.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec. 15, 1862.

WE have the pleasure of recording another week of good business, the theatres, minstrel halls, and other places having been extremely well attended throughout the week; good accounts reach us from other cities, too. There seems to be a sort of general revival, the beneficial effects of which are being felt all over the Northern section of the country, and, we are informed, extending even to our neighbors over the border, or Canadian line. Our advertising department will give the reader a glimpse of many places of amusement never, probably, before known to them. These places are scattered all over; here, there, and almost everywhere. Our advertising list includes the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis, Norfolk, Rochester, Syracuse, Detroit, Albany, Toronto, New Orleans, Liverpool, England; San Francisco, Cal.; Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Louisville, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, Columbus, Ohio; etc. When you see managers and performers advertising liberally, the signs are in favor of a prosperous season. It is advertising that contributes most towards making business. This is so with nearly every branch of industry. Until the NEW YORK CLIPPER took the initiative, and brought to the notice of the public the names and business of nearly every performer in the country, few outside of the starry firmament were ever noticed. The beginner had a rough road to travel. Now, the case is different. We took the tyro by the hand—introduced him or her to the general public through the wide-spread circulation of the CLIPPER, and gave them our support until they were able to "go it alone," as they say in the game of euchre. Many of these little people are now coming prominently forward as managers, and as actors and actresses of real merit. We took hold of all branches alike—the tragedian, comedian, minstrel, the circus performer, dancer, concert-room singer, the strolling player, all came in for a share of our care and attention; and many that were until then "unknown to fame," are marching onward with rapid strides to the goal of their ambition. Some of the papers may sneer at this, but they cannot deny that it is true. What the larger sheets never had the energy or enterprise to undertake, the little CLIPPER has done. What is the result? The information we gather from our correspondents is not only widely disseminated through the columns of the CLIPPER, but our items are copied everywhere. Yes, and we are glad to see it, too. It helps the profession. It keeps our amusements and our public performers constantly before the public. It causes them to be talked about, and when talked about the next thing is to see and hear them. So it goes on. Why, one of our city cotemporaries is so envious of the position we occupy among the profession, and of the facilities we have for obtaining early and reliable information regarding the movements and doings of our friends, that it actually connived at the taking of our items, by a party who had access to them, so that they might get hold of them for their own paper before they had appeared in the CLIPPER, for which they were originally intended by the writers. In two weeks we discovered the leak, and stopped it very summarily, by the immediate dismissal of the offending party. This occurred but a couple of weeks since. It shows to what expedients some people will resort who have not the capacity for conducting busi-

ness on honorable principles. We never take any such out-of-the-way routes to gather news, but continue on our usual course, fair and square, according to the regular charts of business. "But to return to our subject," as Unsworth says. In a recent article on the benefits of advertising, the *Herald* very truthfully remarked—"No class have greater need of publicity than managers;" and the writer might have observed, with equal truth, and no paper is better calculated to bring managers and people into general notice than the NEW YORK CLIPPER, circulating, as it does, almost everywhere. The fact is, that certain revolutions in the newspaper business have been going on for some time, independently of any casual influences, such as are at present connected with the deplorable war which has been created by politicians on both sides of "Dixey." Once the CLIPPER was not even thought of as an advertising medium for the profession, but now look at it. Examine our theatrical and kindred advertisements in our record of amusements. You will find more of that class, in quantity, variety, and business character than can be found in *any other journal in America!* We helped the profession, and now the professionals are helping us. Among hundreds of performers of either sex, our little sheet is looked for with avidity, because every issue contains information which concerns their business prospects—their hearts and homes. Among hundreds of managers, the news contained in our advertisements must be equally important. Among our thousands of readers, "you bet" that very few miss reading the Theatrical Record, advertisements and all. Publicity helps the performer, the manager, the entire profession. Send your items along, therefore, and in our summary of news they will appear without money and without price. Let the revival go on.

On Monday evening last, Dec. 8th, at Niblo's Garden, a new drama was produced for the first time here, under the title of "Edith, or the Earl's Daughter." The plot and material points are taken from Mrs. Henry Wood's deeply interesting novel called "East Lynne." As we had read the novel, we felt anxious to see the play, and therefore attended on the evening of its initial representation. The attendance was excellent, the dress circle and parquet being quite full, and the upper circles nearly so. We don't know when we have seen a first performance pass off so cleverly. There were but few blemishes, few breaks, and very few "holes in the ballad." The scenery was new, and some of it really magnificent. The names of the characters in the play are not the same as those in the book. Lady Isabel is changed to Edith, afterwards Madame Vine; Barbara Hare, is Mabel Keith; Cornelia, is Miss Semphronia; Mr. Carlisle is Alfred Mordeleigh; Richard Hare, Richard Keith; Levison, Sir Mortimer Rashton, etc. As we before remarked, the plot of the novel is preserved in the play, and carried out as well as can be on the stage. The play opens with an allusion to the coming marriage of Alfred and Edith, and shortly after the marriage ceremony takes place; but while the parties are in the church, Mabel Keith calls out Alfred to relieve the wants of her brother, Richard, who is a supposed murderer, and hiding from the officers of justice. This brother appears on the scene, and wishes to borrow a few dollars' worth of postage stamps, or their equiv., to keep him from starving. The sister intercedes for him, Alfred very kindly leaving his bride in the church while he goes out to relieve the wants of Mabel's brother. This little incident is the commencement of a chain of suspicious circumstances which brings about all the subsequent trouble between Alfred and his wife. Joined in the holy bonds, and cosily fixed in their own apartments, things go on with them the same as with most all newly married people, and in the course of three years they have added two children to their hitherto small family—the additions being a boy and a girl. Sir Mortimer Rashton now begins to make trouble in the family—declares his love for Edith—says that Alfred only married her out of pity, that he does not love her, but has his affections centred on Mabel; and Alfred's various meetings with Mabel in regard to her brother—Alfred being a limb of the law—seems to corroborate what Sir Mortimer has revealed to her. He pleads his love—she "gives him Jesse" for using such language to her, but finally forgives him, and he goes at it again. Circumstances favor his plan—Alfred leaves his wife at the sixth annual ball of some hose company, or some affair of the kind, and goes to meet Mabel again, to perfect their plans to prove Dick innocent of the charge of murder, Dick having seen the real murderer hanging around the repository of Alfred's bed and board. At this moment, Sir Rashton again urges his suit—she storms, and gets on the rampage, and does a little ranting; she is still anxious to believe her husband innocent of any intrigue with this girl, Mabel. Now, here's where Alf. acted wrong, and is "deserving of the severest censure." Like a good and loyal husband—for he had been married long enough to be pretty well broke in—he should have revealed to his wife the true cause of his interviews with Mabel; had he done so, she very likely would have assisted him, and the meetings need not have been attended with so much secrecy; it may be urged against this course, however, that *had* he made a clean breast of it, and told the affecting story to the "partner of his bosom," there would have been an end to the thing at once—Mrs. Wood could not have gone on with her novel, and necessarily this new play would have never been produced. So it's best as it is. Alf. kept quiet. While Alfred and Mabel are in confab, as before stated, the tempter says to Edith that Alfred left her to go to his love, Mabel. The wife denies it—he maintains that it is true, and urges her to fly with him—he's very sweet on her, and plays his points very nice—he says, what if he can prove the truth of his assertions? She replies that she would not remain another night under her husband's roof. As bad luck, or the book, would have it, at this particular juncture Alfred and Mabel are observed, hand in hand, but about to separate. That does the business. Edith elopes with Sir Mortimer, and goes to Paris, where he sets her up in a fine establishment, and where she lives as his mistress. Time passes on—Alfred obtains a divorce, and afterwards marries Mabel—it looks a little bad, *we* think—having heard that Edith had been smashed up on the Camden and Amboy railroad, or some other monopoly of the kind. Edith has a high old time among the fops in Paris—a little touch of Camille here—but tires of them, and finally Sir Mortimer tires of her, refuses to marry her, and actually casts her off; but to keep her in hash and buckwheat cakes, he offers her a lot of gold coin—which she might have exchanged for greenbacks, and made 31 per cent on it, but didn't. She scorns his offer, stands upon her dignity as an Earl's daughter, flares up, gets on the rampage again, and gives him a warming, ending with another little bit of Camille, by taking up the gold in both hands, elevating them above her head, and showering upon herself the most scarce and valuable currency we have. By thus wasting the precious coin, she cuts herself off from her source of supplies, and becomes one of the "poor but honest" persuasion. She returns to London to seek employment—having no sewing machine, and not having postage stamps sufficient to hire one at five dollars per month, she determines to be a governess, and disguising herself in old duds—which wouldn't bring ten cents a pound even at the present high rates of such things—and green specs, which don't seem to fit her, for she has to hold them on with one hand—she actually obtains a sit in her late husband's house; he don't know her, though; one of her own children is sick—she nurses him very tenderly until the little fellow is about to die, when she throws off her disguise, her husband enters, recognises her, almost swoons—she asks his forgiveness—he grants it—the child dies—Edith is dying, also—he feels bad—the other wife is out of the way at this time, having gone to attend to *her* child, which is sick at Long Branch, or some such place—Edith goes to a chair to die—he assists her there—he forgives her, and kisses her, which he very cruelly refuses to do in the book, showing that the dramatist has more feeling than the novel writer. While all this is going on, Dick Keith is proved innocent—Sir Mortimer Rashton turns out to be the murderer—he is sentenced to be taken to the Tombs, and executed at 3 o'clock. Edith's little boy lies dead upon the bed, and as Edith breathes her last in the arms of Alfred, the City Hall bell hits off three—the scene opens above the bed, and a beautiful tableau shows Sir Mortimer led to execution; and the curtain drops. There's a few other characters to fill up, and create some fun, among whom are Mr. Dobbles; Miss Semphronia, sister to Alfred—a regular old screw—Mr. Justice Grout, etc. Miss Heron took the part of Edith; Mrs. J. H. Allen that of Mabel; Mr. Shewell, Sir Mortimer; Mr. McCullough, Alfred; Mr. Collier, Richard; Miss Wells, the old screw; T. Placide, the Justice; and Burnett, Mr. Dobbles; who was afterwards inveigled into a marriage with the old screw. The parts were well played throughout, Miss Heron, Mr. Shewell, and Mr. McCullough being excellent. Placide made quite a part for himself, and created a good deal of fun, as did Miss Wells. The piece is in five acts, and played a little over three hours; it might be cut down a trifle. The dialogue is very good, much better than we are apt to hear in new plays now-a-days. Mr. B. Woolf, of Boston, is said to be the author. Taken all in all, "Edith" passed off very well. Those who have read the book will want to see the play, and those who see the play should read the book. The latter is the best.

"All Right, My Covey." And all right has the New Bowery's new pantomime proved. This new holiday piece is called "Harlequin Jack Sheppard," introducing the two apprentices, the idle Jack Sheppard and the industrious Thames Darrell, and conveys a moral lesson in the fact that in the end industry prospers and idleness meets with its just deserts. The first representation of the pantomime was given on Monday evening, 8th inst., before a pretty large though not crowded audience. Like all new productions, especially those in the pantomimic line, which require a great deal of preparation, and many rehearsals, owing to the scenic changes, traps, and intricate machinery employed, the new pantomime did not go off smoothly on the op ning night; there was not that rapidity of change which is so necessary to the success of pieces of this character. We do not think the piece could have had sufficient rehearsal; some of the tricks worked very bad, and some of them would not work at all; but it was apparent that the material for a success was there, and it only wanted a little more time to get it into work ng order, to prove the fact. Some splendid scenic effects were introduced, which "brought down the house," especially the closing scene, the revolving cascade, and shower of gold. This is a magnificent exhibition, and should be seen by all who admire extraordinary scenic displays. Tony Denier, as the clown, possesses all the requisites necessary to make him a favorite on the east side; what he had to do was well done, except his backward leap through the bull's head, which he missed on the first night, but has accomplished since very cleverly. He is quick, always ready with something fresh, keeps up the fun, and as far as we could judge, will make a first-class stage clown. Stanton, as harlequin, we all know in that line. His only *faux pas* was a very droll miss in taking a leap, his legs hanging down against the scene, while his head was through. He tried it over, and "went through" in masterly style. M'lle Christine, as Columbine, impressed us very favorably; she is a pretty little thing, young, well formed, with a pleasant expression of countenance, and is, withal, a good dancer. She has only been at this house a couple of weeks, we believe, and, in fact, is new to the theatrical boards. She performed her part well, and evidently made herself a general favorite. We regret to learn that on Thursday evening, 11th inst., she fell into one of the traps in the stage, and sustained an injury to one of her limbs, which prevented her from appearing again during the week. We trust she is not seriously injured, but may soon re-appear. Mrs. Boniface assumes the part in her absence. Hernandez Foster, as the sprite, made the best leaps of all. He is pretty smart in such characters. Mr. Brookes, the Pantaloon, did only fairly. The piece ran over two hours on the first night, but has very judiciously been cut down to about one hour and a quarter, and it now runs very nicely, and the many different characters in it are very cleverly sustained by the New Bowery company. The houses have been very good throughout the week, culminating on Saturday, 13th, in one of the largest houses of the season. Tony Denier, the clown, shows much improvement over the first night, and is fast making his mark. The pantomime will be repeated until further notice.

Wm. A. Christy, whose illness we noticed in our last, died on the 8th inst., in the 23d year of his age. He was the youngest son of the late E. P. Christy, and survived his father but a short time. He had been in the minstrel business for some time, but was never considered more than a mediocre performer; he was somewhat effeminate in appearance, and is said to have "made up," as a female, very naturally. He was a brother to Byron Christy, and half brother to George. His funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, 10th inst.

Still prosperous are those favorite performers, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, at the Winter Garden. They are now in their fifth week. On the 12th, on the occasion of Mr. W.'s benefit, there was another immense jam, seats being at a premium. This week some fresh pieces are to be given, among them the drama of Willy Reilly.

Mr. Hooley announced to give a performance in Brooklyn for the benefit of a soldiers' aid society, and applied for the Academy of Music, but the snobbish directors refused to rent the place for the purpose, and quite a correspondence ensued, the people of Brooklyn taking sides with Mr. Hooley, and denouncing the directors. In the meantime, Mr. H. perfected his arrangements for the benefit to take place at his own opera house on the 13th. The Athenæum was then offered, but could not be accepted. The Academy folks had better turn their building into a church, or public soup house, for the winter, for it is of no use as it is now.

Two of the smallest dwarfs in existence are now in this city, taking a rest previous to their departure for New Orleans. These natural curiosities are Com. Foote and Col. Small, and are under the control of Col. Ellinger. They are also accompanied by Miss M. C. Ellinger, pianist and vocalist, Prof. Brookes, the blind violinist, and Dr. R. P. Long, who acts as treasurer. The two little men in miniature are said to throw Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt into the shade, both as regards their diminutive physical proportions, and the variety and character of their performances. The troupe arrived here on the 11th, and will leave for New Orleans on the 18th.

American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is really doing a splendid business once more, the house being crowded almost every night. In addition to the regular troupe engaged here, Mr. T. G. Riggs, Irish comedian, has been enlisted in the cause, and nightly appears in a rollicking Irish farce or drama. Last week he appeared as Lanty O'Leary, one of the 69th, in the new drama entitled "The Southern Refugee." Drop in and see Mr. Riggs play his rigs as Lanty O'Leary.

Mad. Anna Bishop, who was not burnt up as reported by the dailies, is in town, and made her re-appearance at a sacred concert given at the German Opera House, Wallack's old Theatre, on Sunday evening, 14th inst.

The always popular burlesque on "Othello" is on again this week at Wood's Minstrels. This is one of the most popular Ethiopian acts ever produced. Mr. Wood is preparing a grand treat for the holidays, something that will probably create a sensation.

"Ye Old Folks Concert" is revived this week at Bryant's, and a favorable opportunity is offered to compare this caricature with the originals, who are to show in Brooklyn this week.

There is nothing fresh at Laura Keene's, "Blondette" not having yet fulfilled its intended services.

Grau closes his opera season this evening, at the Academy. It has been prolonged, probably, because the Brooklyn season was brought to such an untimely end. It may be of interest to the public to know that "Brignoli has recovered from his indisposition," and will help to close the season this evening. Poor Brig., he has a hard time of it getting sick, and getting well again. The party open in Philadelphia on the 17th, and return here, we believe, for the holidays.

Grace Eldridge, wife of Mortimer Thompson (Doesticks,) one of the dramatic-critics of this city, died at her residence here on the 13th inst., in the 22d year of her age.

The Bateman combination will probably be the next stars at Niblo's Garden.

There is some talk of a minstrel troupe locating somewhere in the Bowery.

Jules Stratton, ballad singer, is in town, disengaged. See his advertisement.

The Buckley Minstrels, whom we have not heard in this city since their return from England, will be with us next week, opening at the Palace of Music on the 22d, and introducing us to a New York favorite, Miss Julia Gould. This troupe have been performing in Boston with a good deal of success. Their entertainments are of a higher order than the usual minstrel entertainments; burlesque operas, which they give with much taste, being one of their principal features. On Christmas day they will give two performances.

Now that the Opera has retired from the Academy, that very aristocratic house will be ready to accommodate a troupe of performing dogs and monkies soon to arrive here from England. This troupe of learned animals is under the control of Mr. Henry Cooke, brother of the late lessee of Astley's Amphitheatre, London, and have been performing for the last two seasons at the Cremorne, London. They embarked on board the packet ship Victoria on the 20th ult., bound for New York "and a market." Let the Academy be put in ship-shape order for the new dog and monkey show, and let the free stockholders and other *habitues* prepare themselves for a proper display on the occasion of the appearance of the mischievous but highly educated monkies.

Mr. Couldock is to succeed Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams at the Winter Garden, and during his engagement Mr. C. will appear in the "Chimney Corner." Edwin Booth will probably follow Couldock, and we are actually told that an opera troupe may be heard there before the season is over.

This is the last week of Mr. Forrest's engagement at Niblo's. On the 12th, the "Broker of Bogota" was produced for the first time in eight years, and created a decidedly favorable impression. There was an immense attendance on the occasion.

Mr. Edward Wright and Mrs. Amy Howard, from Australia, but more recently from the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, arrived here on the 5th. Mr. Wright is a low comedy performer. They visit us professionally, we believe.

The tax on pianos is said to cut a big slice off the profits made by manufacturers. We understand that one firm have been taxed on their piano stock to the tune of $30,000. Its a wonder they didn't make it *forte*. It used to be "play *or* pay"—now it is *all* pay. Our city manufacturers think its time the war was played out—our Jim says the same applies to some of the pianos we hear now-a-days.

Christmas is coming, sure, and the usual accompaniment of our holiday attractions—a menagerie—will be thrown open on Monday, Dec. 15th, on Broadway near Houston street. In the collection are four elephants, known respectively as Antony, Cleopatra, Victoria, and Albert; lions, tigers, bears, leopards, bison, Indian bull, hyena, Burmese sacred cattle, South American Puma, Circassian goat, peccary, birds, etc. By all means, see the elephants, and take a look at the rest of the "sacred cattle." This is anybody's menagerie, as we cannot find any particular proprietorship attached to it.

We are pained to announce the death of Miss Georgiana Moseley, late of Laura Keene's, and formerly of the Marsh Troupe, now performing in Australia. It will, probably, be remembered by our readers, that Miss Georgiana is the same young lady that perilled her own life to save that of "Little Mary Marsh" from the ravages of a fire communicated to the little one's dress in a tableau scene, during a performance of the Marsh Troupe, in a theatre, at Macon, Geo., a few years ago, whereby Miss Georgiana sustained severe injuries, internal and otherwise, from which she never fully recovered. Little Mary Marsh died shortly after the lamentable accident, and her brave friend lingered on between life and death until the 10th of the present month, when a heart disease, accompanied by distressing symptoms of dropsy, terminated her agonies with death, at the residence of her excellent but sorrowing mother, in this city. At beautiful Greenwood, they laid her in the earth—"and from her fair and unpolluted flesh, may violets spring."

Mr. F. Gilbert, proprietor of Gilbert's Melodeon, and the Willows Pleasure Garden, San Francisco, Cal., arrived here on the 14th, and will leave for Europe on the 17th.

It is probable that Stokes's Circus, with Zoyara, will open in Brooklyn for the holidays.

Yankee Robinson was in town on the 15th. He leaves for Washington, but returns in a few days.

The once jovial old Doctor Kirkham, widely known among the theatrical profession, from being once connected with Tom Thumb, as agent, has come to grief, and is now lying dangerously ill at his residence up town. On the third inst. he was taken with a paralytic stroke, and has never been up since—the whole of his right side is completely useless.

DRAMATIC.

The Florences terminated their two weeks engagement, at the Pittsburgh, Pa., Theatre, on the 13th. This week the theatre is without a star, and the manager will produce in good style Mr. Chaplin's dramatization of "Les Miserables." Mr. Chaplin has been a member of the stock company since the present season began, and has made many friends there, by his industry and close attention to business.....On Monday evening, after the performance, Mr. J. Johnson and Miss Lizzie Gillet were united in the bonds of matrimony. Both the bride and groom have been connected with the theatre for the past two or three seasons, and are well liked.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken is still drawing largely at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. Saturday was her thirty-second performance. On Monday she became the recipient of another benefit, when some fifteen hundred dollars worth of jewelry was presented by her friends; and all for "Mazeppa," which has now run over three weeks. "Jack Sheppard on Horseback," was introduced on Tuesday, in addition to "Mazeppa." This is certainly an extraordinary and unprecedented feat for a male to attempt, much less a female. Two horse pieces in one night is a novelty, if you like—a novelty, too, which few care to attempt. As the boy said on first seeing a wizard, "He does it, but I'm blessed if I see how he *does* do it;" so say we, when a lady, whose *physique* seems of the most delicate order, attempts—and not only attempts, but does—acts of equestrianism seldom surpassed by the most practiced riders of the circus. The great patriotic drama of "Putnam, or the Iron Son of '76," has been ready for some time, but there's no chance for that as long as "Mazeppa" is running so well. Of course Adah impersonates "Old Put," and will, no doubt, rival the famous W. R. Derr, when it comes to that "leap for life." It is a hazardous undertaking; Derr, himself, having had many hairbreadth escapes, once rolling right in among the musicians, at the New Bowery, of this city; but Miss Menken has lots of nerve, and our best wishes that she may be as fortunate as the old patriot, Gen. Putnam, was, and come out "right side up with care," as the adage goes.

The attendance at Mr. Booth's performances in Boston dropped off somewhat last week. Miss Bateman has not done so well, either. The new spectacle, "Magnolia," at the Museum, continues to draw immense houses.

Miss Kate Reignolds has created quite a sensation in the new play of "Magnolia," now having a splendid run at the Boston Museum. The part assumed by Miss Reignolds is said to be one of her best; and we judge it is, for the photographers are after the lady to induce her to sit the character for them. There are many applications of this sort; and one, half impertinent, half complimentary, but apparently sincere, wishes for a model of the lady's leg! which, it appears, has made a sensation like that of Vestris, in the "Invisible Prince." We understand that a lithograph of the lady is nearly ready, which will be for sale in New York at J. Axford's, 151 Fulton street. The proceeds of the sale of this picture will be for the benefit of Miss Reignolds.

From New Orleans we have direct information of the re-commencement of the drama in that city. Our correspondent's letter bears date Dec. 4th, and is as follows:—"The comedy company brought out here, from your city, by Mr. Lewis Baker, opened at the Varieties, on Monday evening, Dec. 1st, to a crowded house, with 'Nine Points of the Law' in their favor, and the 'Debutante' was well received. Gen. Butler and friends occupied a private box. The theatre presented the old-time appearance of years ago, when beauty, fashion, brains, and wealth, were about equally well represented in the lower part of the house, and when the upper tiers were full of happy faces and democratic habits. The houses have been good since the first night..... The St. Charles Theatre is not open, and I learn that it is in such a condition that a long time would be necessary to prepare it for the reception of the public.....Business of all kinds is very dull. I will write again."

The goat, with the balance of Grau's Opera company, appear at the Academy, Philadelphia, on the 17th, for a season of six nights. Some difficulty was apprehended, the rules of the directors tabooing all animals on the Academy stage. As there have been worse animals than Dinorah's well-behaved goat on that stage, the directors very wisely concluded to let "Miss Nanny" appear. The operas to be presented are Lucretia, Norma, Sicilian Vespers, Ballo en Maschera, and Dinorah.

Garry Hough's comedy company opened in Auburn, N. Y., on the 11th.

Mort. Shelley, who has been travelling with the army as a theatrical manager, was in Baltimore last week. He has fitted up a comfortable place in Frederic, Md., where he intends to remain with his company until after New Year's day. A new place is being built by the soldiers at Harper's Ferry, Va., for Mr. Shelley.

Miss Charlotte Thompson closed the first week of her performances at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, on the 13th inst.

No change at the Arch, Philadelphia. J. S. Clarke is still doing finely there. On the 10th, the "American Cousin" was produced, in which Mr. Albaugh made his first appearance at that house as Murcot.

On the private register at Thomas & Sons' auction mart, in Philadelphia, the Walnut Street Theatre property and two lots adjoining are offered for sale. The dimensions of the theatre are put down at 96½ feet front, by 145 feet deep.

J. B. Evers, late of the Adelphi, Troy, was in Philadelphia, last week, on the look out for an engagement.

Den Thompson received his first benefit since his return from England, on the 6th inst., at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, when the "Irish Cousin" was produced, Den sustaining the character of Teddy Murphy. Laura Honey kindly volunteered her services, and appeared in a farce and sang several of her favorite songs. Previous to this, the "Colleen Bawn" had a very successful run. Laura Honey's "Elly O'Connor" is said to have been faultless—the same of Den Thompson's Myles na Coppaleen. Miss France did the part of Ann Chute with much spirit. Mrs. Rainford's Shelah, and the respective parts allotted to the Misses Lyons, Florence, and Wright, proved a disappointment. Loveday was thoroughly at home as Hardress Cregan, but the Danny Mann of St. Maur was not good. Boswell as Father Tom, and Matthews as Mr. Corrigan, were only so so, the rest of the characters calling for no special remark.

Miss A. I. Menken was presented with a handsome set of diamonds at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 8th inst., by her numerous friends and admirers in that city. They are valued at $1500. That don't look much like war times, does it now?

The Webb Sisters were re-engaged for six nights by Manager Buckland, of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, and started on the continuity last Monday, the 8th. They opened in the "Lady of Lyons," Ada as Madame Deschapelles, and Emma as her daughter, Pauline, with the sprightly Alice Gray as Claude Melnotte. We should be inclined to add "The Three Graces" to the original title, with such an attractive trio as they always prove themselves to be, whether individually or collectively. In the "Manager's Daughter," Miss Ada Webb takes five characters, the young Actress, a French boy, a Scotch lassie, an Irish bogtrotter, and a live Yankee, with characteristic songs and dances. Biz. at Buckland's, thriving, as aforesaid.

The old Washington Theatre opened on the 10th inst., with the play of "London Assurance," Miss Chesney, a Washington *debutante*, appearing as Lady Gay.

Lotty Hough is at Grover's Theatre, Washington, where the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was produced last week.

Mr. J. P. Price, stage manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will take a farewell benefit on the 23d. Mr. P. will most probably be the first lessee of the new theatre in Albany, with Lucille Western as his star.

Laura Keene received a complimentary benefit at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Friday evening, when Tom Taylor's comedy, "An Unequal Match," and the comedietta, "The Momentous Question," were performed.

Miss Caroline Richings' benefit realized a handsome balance in her favor at Ford's Washington Theatre, on the 11th inst. Balfe's opera of "Satanella" is to succeed "The Enchantress."

There is nothing stirring to record of Bates' National Theatre, Cincinnati. Eddy finished on the 6th, and was succeeded by Mr. Studley. Miss Jennie Parker still remains, and is now in her second week. Throughout the week they have had the thrilling drama of "The Hand of Cards! The Game—Life! The Stakes—Death!" That ought to fetch 'em.

Miss Laura Keene and her New York company continue to crowd the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, while at home, "Blondette" is fast going into a decline. On Tuesday Miss Keene gave the fashionable comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a great feature of which is Blake's Jessie Rural, in which he is unmistakably fine. Miss Laura threatens to bring out a Grand Spectacle, "the machinery and original models of which were purchased by her in London and Paris." What is it?

At Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, comedy reigns supreme. John E. Owens, just closing his second week, appears to suit the liberal citizens of Porkopolis, by the numbers who flocked to see his Josh Butterfly, in "The Victims," and Solon Shingle. Notwithstanding good times "as it is," Mr. Wood is soon to introduce "Dot" to his patrons.

Chanfrau has been doing well at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and was to have closed there on the 13th inst. On Tuesday was witnessed "Our American Cousin," and although Sothern has made the character of Lord Dundreary peculiarly his own, nevertheless Chanfrau did "my noble Lud" much better than Sothern could have done Mose—at least we are inclined to judge so, although admitting it to be a pretty broad comparison. By the way, it wouldn't have hurt much had this same Mose been worked in among the other odd caricatures of "Our American Cousin." Only think how it would tickle the Britishers, one of their fops and one of our b'hoys taken off in the same piece, with friends Sothern and Chanfrau to do 'em up—wouldn't it, though? Think over it, and let's know the result. The "Stage Struck Barber," with Chanfrau as Jerry Clip, in his imitations of great actors, and "Ireland as it Is," were the pieces on Wednesday last.

After thirteen very attractive and successful nights of "The Enchantress," witnessed by nearly all the *elite* of Washington, from Father Abraham and his relations, to our foreign ministers and their relations, it has at last been withdrawn to make room for other novelties, in which Mr. and Miss Richings are eminently great. "The Daughter of the Regiment" was given on the 9th, with new scenery and new costumes. It is a charming opera, brimful of lively and popular music. A new opera by Balfe is in rehearsal. Ford's Theatre is now the most fashionable resort in Washington.

Maggie Mitchell had a lively reception at the St. Louis Theatre on the 8th, and we hear that business has since been excellent. J. Wilkes Booth succeeds Miss Mitchell.

Miss Mary Provost is in her second week at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I. Last week she appeared as Nell Gwynne, in the "King's Rival." In the company supporting Miss Provost are included Misses Rebecca Adams, Emma Leoni, Lottie Howland, Fanny Marsh; Mrs. D. Nourse; Messrs. D. Nourse, J. G. Hanley, B. Fuller, E. W. Beattie, H. Howland, J. Keefe, J. Dunn, and W. W. Hurley. "Whistling and all other noises strictly prohibited." How about the ranters, though?

Joseph Proctor's engagement at the Metropolitan, Rochester, commences this evening, 15th inst. He opens in Damon.

A correspondent in Havana says that the Italian Opera now there is a great improvement over that of last year, and is much better sustained.

Senorita Isabel Cubas, Signor Ximenes and ballet troupe, have closed a successful two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester. Shirley France is their business manager. The company consists of J. R. Fisher, leading man; J. F. Ward, 1st low comedy; J. H. Rogers, stage manager; C. J. Heartwell, T. A. Becket, 1st old men; W. H. Briggs, juveniles and light comedy; E. H. Locke, Wm. Scott, T. V. Jones, Sutton, J. M. Charles, McComber, Robinson; Miss Ada Gray, leading lady; Miss Rachael Noah; Mrs. J. F. Ward, Mrs. G. Melville; Mdlle. Elise; Mrs. J. R. Fisher, Mrs. Scott; Miss Lizzie Mitchell.

Grover's company, from Washington, gave two performances of Miss Lucille Western's "East Lynne, or the Elopement," at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on the 12th and 13th inst. In the company are Miss Lucille Western, Kate Denin, Charlotte Crampton, Viola Crocker, Chas. Barron, Ben Rogers, J. L. Barret, and others. Wattie Rusher says:—Miss Western met with a complete success—success to the tune of $760 the first night, and much more the second. This young lady is very pretty, both by nature and by art—by the latter I mean her playing. I supposed she was laboring under a slight cold, which rendered her voice a little monotonous, otherwise she carried a critical audience by storm. Her Madame Vine received much commendation, and the ladies throughout the congregation wept freely. The death scene, and the reception of her former husband's blessing, is affecting and touching in the extreme. The acting of Miss Viola Crocker elicited rounds of merited applause, as did that of Dolly Davenport. Charles Barron, as Archibald Carlyle, was too poetical for a man in his peculiarly disagreeable situation. Kate Denin supported the combination on the 13th.

The idea that Mr. Thos. Maguire has retired from theatrical management in San Francisco, is absurd. Mr. Maguire, who has been in the business eleven years, intends to remain in it; he has never even *thought* of retiring. He continues the proprietor of the Opera House, and other places in California.

The Conways are still at the Academy, Cleveland, and have underlined the "Peep o' Day."

Cubas is at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, succeeding Mr. Joseph Proctor, who closed there on the 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport close their engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, this week. They have done a pretty good share of business.

Miss Kate Fisher commences her second week at Toronto, C. W., this evening, 15th.

On Friday evening, Dec. 5th, the Parisian drama of "The Marble Heart" was produced at the Norfolk Theatre, with the pretty Fanny Browne (whose benefit night it was) as Marco, A. H. Davenport as Volage, and Gossin as Raphael; after which "Mr. and Mrs. White," with Fanny as Mrs. White. Our correspondent says:—The "Marble Heart" was so successful that it was announced on Saturday night for Davenport's benefit, (minus the first act, "The Dream,") with the same cast. After which "The Young Widow," in which Davenport as Splash, played a "mock Bravura," and danced a mock minuet with Fannie. On the 6th terminated their engagement. Fannie's success is owing more to her beauty than good acting. Davenport was well received, but in our humble opinion, he plays too carelessly, exhibiting, at times, abstractedness, which mars his otherwise good acting.....Monday evening, Dec. 8th, Miss Mary Mitchell was announced as having been engaged for the season, making her re-appearance as Mariannie, to Gossin's Jack Cade. A large auditory welcomed her, proving conclusively her unabated popularity. After M'lle Geraldine "tripped the light fantastic toe," which was so well done that it was encored, a musical burletta, "The King's Gardener," in which Herndon displayed his comic resources, concluded the performance. On Tuesday evening, 9th, "Jack Sheppard" was given, with Miss Mitchell as the "redoubtable John," and "Peep Behind the Scenes," in which Glenn plays one of his inimitable Dutchmen. We are sorry Miss Mitchell has added this distasteful play to her repertoire, because it cannot add anything to her reputation. Wednesday, "Eveleen Wilson," and the farce "Your Life's in Danger." Last night, 11th, Tom Taylor's comedy of "Our American Cousin," and a Dutch burlesque on the 5th act of "Richard III."

Over full freight, compels us to "cut down" our lengthy advices from California to date of Nov. 20, and give them in brief this week.—At Maguire's Opera House, the opera of Macbeth, by the Italian Opera Troupe, had been quite successful. The leading characters are admirably performed by Signor and Signora Bianchi, John Gregg, and Signor Grossi, well supported by a full troupe, chorus and orchestra.....At the Metropolitan, R. Thorne, Jr., was putting that wild horse of Tartary through to the tune of Mazeppa, amid the hi, hi's of the audiences. Gilbert had a big crowd at his benefit on the 19th.....At Gilbert's Melodeon, Joe Murphy was the bright particular star. On the evening of the 19th, the performances were abruptly closed, owing to an unfortunate accident to Peter Sterling, while "cutting up" as Pongo, in the Brazilian Ape. In passing over the stage, some of the fixings of a contrivance gave way, and he fell on a ring bolt, and fractured one or more of his ribs. It is to be hoped that the accident will not prove fatal. The management of this house has now devolved upon our correspondent, Sherry Corbyn, Mr. Gilbert taking flight to Europe. His farewell benefit as a manager, above referred to, was a crusher.....Sherry still sparkles at "The Willows".....Billy O'Neil had a bumper at Maguire's Opera House on the 10th.....On the 10th, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne also counted her friends in large numbers, at the Metropolitan..... On the 14th, Charley Backus had a benefit, previous to putting for China.

The extravaganza of "Fortunio" is to be the holiday piece at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

J. Wilkes Booth will close at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 20th. He is to be followed by the Florences.

CIRCUSES.

We are deeply pained to learn of a fatal acccident that occurred at Havana, Cuba, on the 30th of November, by which a female performer on the tight rope at the Plaza Torres—Bull Ring—lost her life. Our correspondent, "Pegassus," gives us the annexed particulars of the accident, and also a notice of the opening of Chiarini's Circus:—

HAVANA, Dec. 6th, 1862.

FRIEND FRANK: As your paper is the vehicle of intelligence for the profession, and is consulted by the lovers of sports for all things that relate to the amusement of the human race, I give you a few lines in reference to the "show" affairs in this "city of the Dons." Chiarini has opened his beautiful and tastefully fitted up Circus, which is very much improved in appearance over that of last year, and the biz., so far, exceeds, largely, that of all other seasons. Chiarini has worked most industriously, and has labored very hard during the past summer in preparing attractions for this winter's business, and if any man ever deserved success, he is that man; he has toiled and struggled to overcome obstacles that to most men would seem impossible, and I am happy to say that his efforts have been crowned with success. The opening night was the most magnificent display I have ever looked upon in any place of amusement; the entire enclosure was literally packed with human beings—the *Lunetas* and *Palcos* were filled with ladies, the *bon ton* of our city, and the jewels worn by them flashed in the gas light, like rays of sparkling fire—rivalled only by the brilliancy of their dark and piercing eyes. The company is composed of Mad. Loyale, than whom there is no better equestrienne ever topped a horse; Miss Josephine Chiarini, the daughter of the manager, who is as graceful as she is beautiful; Miss Hudson, Miss Julia, Mr. James Robinson, the world-renowned rider, who is adding to the laurels he has already won—he draws down nightly the most unbounded applause; Dick Rivers and Son, Geo. Ross, Wm. Carlo, Henry Berdeau, Christy, C. Benoit, Master Philip Loyale, Theodoro Cuba—the negro boy rider, trained by Chiarini; Miss Pearl, a negro girl; and the popular and gentlemanly clown, Lorenzo Mayo. I must also mention, for the benefit of his many friends, that *the* McLane is at his post, and is looked upon by the whole company as the prince of good fellows.....I must here notice a terrible and heart-rending catastrophe that occurred on Sunday last, at the *Plaza Torres*—Bull Ring. Mr. Farini, the celebrated tight rope walker, and rival of Blondin, advertised, among the many wonders that he would perform on the tight rope, the carrying of his wife across the rope stretched from one side of the ring to the other, at a height, I should judge, of about 60 feet, upon his back—a feat he had performed in other places. He started with the lady upon his back, and had nearly finished his journey across, within about four feet, when the audience applauded the daring act, it seemingly being completed; and the lady, in acknowledgment for that applause, loosened her hold upon her husband's neck, and waved her hands, and on the instant of doing so she discovered that she had lost her balance, and called to her husband to catch her as she was falling. This he attempted to do, and caught her by the skirt of her dress, but the frail fabric was not of sufficient strength to sustain her with the impetus given to her descent by her fall, and, oh horror! the dress gave way, leaving a piece in the unfortunate man's hand, as he hung suspended from the rope sustaining himself by the joint of his knee, by means of which he had saved himself, and she went down crashing upon the seats that ascend from the curb of the ring to the top of the enclosure. She was taken up for dead, but she showed, after some little time, signs of life, and lingered from Sunday to Thursday morning, when death put an end to her suffering. She was taken in hand by the ladies in the neighborhood, and everything that could be done was done—the wealthiest ladies of Havana were at her bedside and smoothed her dying pillow. She was embalmed and placed in one of the niches in the burying ground. I am informed that from $15,000 to $20,000 will be raised by subscription for the child she has left behind.

John Denier, brother to Tony, now at the New Bowery, is giving acrobatic and gymnastic performances at San Juan, Porto Rico.

Mabie's Circus is doing passably well in Chicago, although they have J. Wilkes Booth, who is a favorite there, playing against them at McVicker's. Mabie's company comprises Nat Austin and wife, Jim Melville and family, Den Stone, Waterman, Lester, Spappa and Whitney, Craven and Kincaide, and Gen. Sloman, the globe performer on horseback. Nat Austin's jokes are well received, as is also his singing, Nat having to repeat two and three times. Mrs.

I DRINK, MY FRIEND, TO YOU.

BY JOHN H. MYERS, COMIC VOCALIST.

O! look for comfort in the bowl;
The bright bowl can impart
A charm that soothes the wounded soul,
That heals the broken heart.

When other cures we try in vain,
The bowl affords relief;
Bright wine tears up deep rooted pain,
And smothers infant grief.

The gods oft drain their nectar bowls,
Shall mortals then forbear?
If gods delight to cheer their souls,
Shall not the sons of care?

How oft doth love deceive the heart?
Is friendship always true?
The bowl acts no deceiver's part—
"I drink, my friend, to you."

FIRST WISCONSIN H. A., FORT CASS, Va., Nov. 27, 1862.

FEARFUL SCENE IN A CIRCUS.

From our Spanish files and correspondence we frequently obtain very interesting items. The following particulars of a dreadful accident, which recently occurred at Saragossa, we may now describe in the translation of an English contemporary:—"The circus was crowded, the people being anxious to behold the feats of two toreadors of secondary rank, but very popular as natives of this city, named Joaquin Gil and Perez, who, having made the customary salute, offered themselves to kill bulls in honor of the President and the assembly. The first animal was cleverly killed by Perez; the second was a Portuguese animal, very vicious, cunning, and strong. He received the fatal blow from Gil, but at the same moment he tossed the unhappy man in the air, received him upon his horns, which entered deep into the body, and threw him to the ground senseless, and then fell dead by the side of his victim. The third bull was also a Portuguese. The toreadors were under a state of terror difficult to describe. The picadors would scarcely touch him. Fierce in the middle of the arena, he seemed to defy the banderilleros, who at great risk fixed two or three firebrands to his neck, in order to excite him. From pain and noise the bull became furious. The task of killing him fell to Perez, who advanced with hesitation, and seemed only able to strike feebly with his sword. The President called to him, and pressed to have the bull's leg cut with the demi-lune (an immense scythe fixed on a pole), but Perez refused this proposition, which is considered to involve disgrace to a toreador. He returned to the fight. The bull threw itself upon him; in vain he cast at it the muletta in red cloth; the bull paid no attention to it, and followed him. But he seized the barrier, and in leaping over it, threw his sword at the bull's head. It struck the beast in the face, and by a strange fatality rebounded and penetrated the thigh of the poor toreador, cutting it to the bone. The blood ran in torrents from an open artery. The unhappy man was carried away, and the demi-lune was then employed. The hind legs of the beast were cut; but even then, upon its stumps, it appeared so terrible that no one dared approach it. The demi-lune was again brought, and one of the front legs cut off. The beast fell to the ground, and a stroke from the dagger finished him. Will it be believed that even after this the public were not satisfied, and demanded the rest of the sport, and that the authorities were obliged to give them tickets for the next exhibition! The toreador Gil was buried two days after; the other man is in a dangerous state, and amputation is to be tried when he seems strong enough to bear it."

JULIET'S TOMB.

Every stranger who goes to Verona is sure to have his sympathy moved, and his curiosity excited by what is called "The Tomb of Juliet;" and there is no man who has read Shakespeare, that will not hasten to the spot where it lies, regardless, at the moment, whether it be real or not. It is well known that this part of Italy had furnished to our immortal bard the materials of a tragedy, which, for all the pathetic details of hapless love and devoted constancy, stands unrivalled in any language. And though much of legendary exaggeration is superadded to the circumstances of the catastrophe, yet the main fact is attested by the local history of Verona; and therefore the mind is disposed to admit the probability that the excavated oblong stone, which is now pointed out, in the neglected ruins of an old Franciscan monastery, might have once contained the beauteous form of the unhappy Juliet. Count Perisco, one of the native nobility, who has published a very interesting work on the curiosities of Verona, and of the provinces adjacent, thus narrates the melancholy story of Romeo and Juliet:—"In the year 1303, or about that time, Bartholomew della Scala being Captain of the Veronese, Romeo de Monticoli was enamored of Juliet de Cappelletti, and she of him, their families being at that time in bitter enmity with each other on account of party feuds. As, therefore, they could not be openly married, a private union took place between them. Shortly afterwards, Romeo having, in an affray of the two factions, killed Tebaldo, the cousin of Juliet, he was obliged to seek for safety in flight, and proceeded to Mantua. His unhappy spouse, afflicted beyond measure, sought commiseration and counsel from the immediate agent of her secret marriage, seeing that there was no longer any hope of a reconciliation between families now still more incensed against each other than before. Therefore, by a preconcerted arrangement, Juliet procured a sleeping draught, and shortly after, according to common report, yielded up her life. Romeo having been apprised of the dire news, before he heard that she was only apparently dead, resolved, in the bitterness of his anguish, to take poison, and die likewise. Previously to his doing so, however, not entirely despairing of her life, he went to Verona, and availed himself of the evening hour to enter the monastery. Being here assured that his Juliet had been interred not long before, he swallowed the poison he had with him, and hastened to the tomb, where their mutual friend pointed out the way by a passage beyond that which was ready for his return. The friar wondered very much what had happened to Romeo, unconscious of the hard fate that awaited him. While he endeavored to assure himself that the lady was not in reality dead, the poison began to operate, and now, on the very verge of death, he called on his Juliet with a faint voice. She awoke, and scarcely recognised him. Romeo expired, and Juliet breathed for a moment only to share his hapless doom.

THAT "BUBBLE BET."

A LITTLE FUN ABOUT THE "REINDEER" STAKES.

The London bet about the proper spelling of the word "Reindeer," has occasioned a good bit of comment in sporting circles. The following is a capital hit at the proceedings:—

THE REINDEER STAKES.—The entries were not numerous, but some well-known "clippers" having accepted, the race was looked forward to with unusual interest. The field consisted of the following, owners riding, some of whom displayed considerable powers of "jockeying:"—

Hon. R. Stewart's Plant.	Hon. Capt. Annesley's Defence.
Lieut-Col. Burnaby's Dictionary.	Mr. Newton's Assistance.
Mr. Ten Broeck's Wager.	Sir Lydston Newman's Mamhead.
Admiral Rous's Investigation.	Hon. R. Lawley's Confession.

Investigation and Wager were installed favorites, but it becoming known that the rest of the field were in one stable, and running to serve each other, the "Confederacy" took the first place, Investigation and Wager being still freely supported.

A very unequal start was effected, Plant and Dictionary getting off first, closely followed by Investigation, the rest in straggling order. Mr. Ten Broeck's Wager being 100 yards in the rear, was soon pulled up, and left the race to the Admiral. On reaching the Club, Investigation overhauled the leaders, and, in the scrimmage that ensued, seemed in some danger of being forced over the rails, but Mr. Lawley's Confession "fouling" the Confederacy, enabled the Admiral to stave off his opponents, and gave him a slight advantage. This he maintained for some distance, but on reaching Publication Hill, Mr. Stewart came with a rush, and made the running at a strong pace, supported by the rest of the Confederacy, Lieut-Col. Burnaby lying in reserve up to the enclosure, where he joined Mr. Stewart, and the two simultaneously challenged the Admiral at the "Post," who answered gamely, and a fine race ensued, the Plant and Dictionary eventually running a dead heat for first place; Admiral Rous was next, the rest pulling up as they came in. Mr. Lawley's Confession, which broke down badly, was dismounted, and walked in. Upon returning to scale, the winners were objected to, as having "fouled" Mr. Ten Broeck soon after starting, but the Stewards, after hearing a mass of conflicting evidence, overruled the objection, and Col. Burnaby and Mr. Stewart divided the stakes.

"I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family, who had taken an orphan to raise, who, by-the-way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it was wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall to sleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding and giving nasal evidence of his being in the "land of dreams," he hauled off, and took the astounded sleeper with an apple, square on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around, and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance:—"You preach; I'll keep 'em awake!"

CHESS TO BE TAXED.—The following is the latest revenue decision:—WASHINGTON, Nov. 1—Hon. Thomas Jefferson Numbhead, Assessor for the 91104683th District of Massachusetts—Sir: Yours of the 29th ult. was duly received. The delay in replying was occasioned by the difficulty my clerks had in deciphering your manuscript. The following decisions are believed to cover the principal points:—1. "Are chess" [spelled in your manuscript "cheese"] "boards to be taxed as billiard tables?" This was a very difficult point to decide, and I couldn't stop to cipher it out. So I odd-and-evened with a counterfeit half dollar, which one of my clerks had shoved on to him, and not being able to get rid of otherwise, "stuck" me with. The date was odd, and chess (if that's what you meant) boards are to be taxed as billiard tables. And if you really meant "cheese"-boards, I suppose the decision will have to hold. Yours, "ABOUT WELL."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. EUGENE BRENNINGER.—Well, that did look very suggestive of suthin' to eat; but we wrote "haus" instead of "hares," but our compositor couldn't see it, hence the meaningless paragraph.

LOUIS GOLDSMID.—We shall give the 5-move, the last of your batch, next week. "A word to the wise," &c.

F. H. ELDER, Detroit.—The most welcome miscarriage a letter ever had. Shall grant you all needful time, but hope for two or three specimens shortly. Mr. Schlesinger's address is, "Care A. T. Stewart & Co., cor. 10th st. and Broadway." Reports are rife that Morphy has gone to Europe *via* Havana. The organ of the Paulsen Club is "*Von Haus zu Haus*," not very voluminous.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Your last at hand and very welcome, like its predecessors; none of them will fail of appearance in due season. We congratulate ourselves, too, on our new acquaintance. How were you pleased with your last?

HERR HARWITZ is about to issue a new analytical treatise on the openings; it cannot fail to be of the very highest excellence and utility.

A TOURNAMENT of a highly spirited and interesting character is now in progress in the St. James C. C., London, of which flourishing body Herr Loewenthal is President.

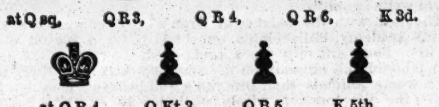
THE PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB, 189 Bowery, of which Association our contributors John Schlesinger and F. Eugene Brenzinger are respectively Vice President and Secretary, contemplate holding a Tournament during the present season. We hope the affair may come off with the most perfect success, and eminently to the benefit of this strong and spirited Club.

ENIGMA No. 359.

From the Era.

BY HERR K. DRAGATIN.

at Q sq, QR 3, Q B 4, Q B 6, K 3d.



at Q R 4, Q Kt 3, Q B 5, K 5th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

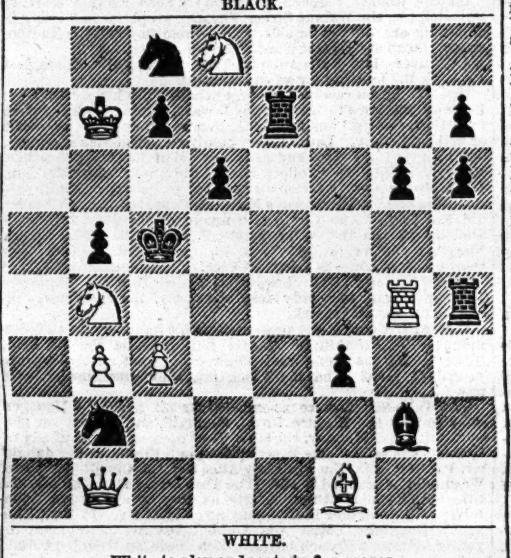
At length we have the report of the Committee of the Problem Tournament, who award Dr. Conrad Beyer the first prize; Mr. J. G. Campbell, the second; Herr Plaschutta, the third: and Dr. Novotny, the fourth. Mr. Herwitz, gets the prize for Chess Studies, J. G. Campbell gets the prize for best Single Problem, which we reproduce below, as it appeared in the *Era*. Further details will be given hereafter.

Prize of £10 for the best Single Problem, awarded to the author, Mr. J. G. Campbell.

PROBLEM No. 359.

"CURRICULUM."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME No. 359.

Our contributor P. Richardson gives L. Delsart the odds of Queen's Knight.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Delsart.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Delsart.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 3	14..K B to B 4	K to R sq (c)
2..P-Q 4	P-K 4	15..Q B-Q 2	Q B-K 3
3..Q P × P	Q-R 4 +	16..K B × B	B P × B
4..P-Q B 3	Q × K 2d P	17..K R × R +	Q × K R
5..K B-Q 3	K B-B 4	18..Q-her Kt 3	K Kt-Q 4
6..P-K B 4	Q-K 2 (a)	19..R-K B sq	Q-K 2
7..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	20..Q × Kt P	K Kt-B 2
8..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 4	21..Q-B 8 + (d)	K Kt-K sq
9..K Kt-Q 4	Castles	22..Q B-Kt 4	Q Kt-Q 2
10..Castles (b)	P-Q 3	23..Q × Q B	P-Q B 4
11..P-Q Kt 4	K B × Kt	24..Q P × P	Kt × K P
12..B P × B	Q P × P	25..P-Q B 6, and the Defence resigns.	
13..K B P × P	Kt × Kt P		

(a) Three moves merely to recover an exchanged P is hardly the style, having the present odds in hand.

(b) The difference in the precision of these openings is almost that of the odds indicated.

(c) Weak and timid; he should have hastened immediately to confront his adversary's assaulting squadrons, with his forces now so useless on the Queen's wing.

(d) These attacks are pungent and amusing.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. H., Baltimore, Md.—H. L. has forwarded a correction of the Position referred to by you, which will appear next week, together with his remarks on the same.

H. L., Pittsburgh.—See notice to A. L. H.

EXPRESS, New York.—Are you there? Thanks for games. Will dish up one of 'em next week.

A LOOKER ON, New York.—Keep a lookin' on, and let us know what's up, if you please. We like your style.

DON LEANDER, New York.—"On the Square" appreciates the honor conferred upon him by your chivalrous *defi*, but respectfully declines engaging at present.

GAME No. 36—VOL. X.

SINGLE CORNER.

Recently contested between two Dons at Draughts, being the first in a set-to for the best out of three, the match involving not only the honors, but the lager.

Communicated by "A Looker-on."

Black, Mr. A.		White, Mr. B.		Black, Mr. A.		White, Mr. B.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	18.. 2	to 7	24	to 20
2..15	22	25	18	19.. 6	9	31	26
3.. 8	11	29	25	20.. 9	13	27	24 (b)
4.. 4	8	25	22	21..14	17	21	14
5..12	16	24	20	22..10	17	24	19
6.. 8	12	27	24	23..17	21	4	8
7..10	14	24	19	24..28	25	29	16
8.. 7	10	32	27	25..13	17 (c)	23	18
9.. 9	13	18	9	26..25	22	18	15
10.. 5	14	22	18	27..22	31	8	11
11.. 1	5	18	9	28..31	27	11	2
12.. 5	14	19	15	29..27	24 (d)	2	6
13..11	18	20	11	30..24	20 (e)	15	10
14..18	22	26	17	31..20	11	19	15
15..13	22	28	24 (a)	32..11	18	10	17
16..22	25	11	8	33.. 3	10	6	13 (f)
17..25	29	8	4	Drawn.			

Notes, by "A Looker On."

(a) Rather far-reaching in effect, when you look into it.

(b) Ought to lose. 20 to 16 would draw.

(c) Begins to admire the flavor of the free lager.

(d) A combination of his forces, by 17 to 22, would have secured the game at once.

(e) There he goes! Through too eager a pursuit of the foe, his "crowned head" is lured into a well-planned ambuscade.

(f) Illustration of the maxim, "There's many a slip," etc. Upon realizing the force of it, Mr. A. commenced, vengefully, to re-set the men.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 101st POSITION.

Black.		White.
1..14	to 18	5 to 14
2..23	19, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 35—Vol. X.

BY S. E. C. S.

Black.		White.
1..12	to 16	11 to 20
2..19	24	28 19
3..27	24	20 27
4..31	13, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 36—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H.

White.		Black.	
1..26	to 22	If 24	to 15
2..22	17, and draws.		
	Or if:		
1..		18	25
2.. 6	10	24	6
3.. 1	17, and draws.		

MATCH GAME.

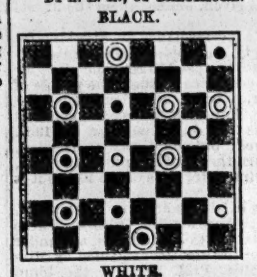
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
3.. 8	11	29	25
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

POSITION No. 37—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

BLACK.

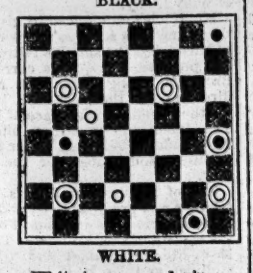


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 102d POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

A LIVELY NIGHT'S WORK.—"On Friday night, 31st ult.," says the Rome *Sentinel*, "a blacksmith named Michael McCormick, in the employ of the Rome and Watertown Railroad Company, committed a series of outrages while maddened by strong drink, which cannot be too severely reprobated by public opinion, nor too severely punished by the law. He broke the windows of the Railroad House, knocked down the barkeeper, and assaulted Mr. Bertram and his son-in-law. He then went to Stanwix Hall, and endeavored to assault a stranger who took refuge there; but the door was fortunately barred in time to exclude him. Next he went to the American Hotel, and after raising a general disturbance, broke out one of the windows of the bar-room, and let himself down from the balcony on to Mr. Russ's awning, and thence to the ground. Thence he went to Father Beecham's house, and raised a disturbance outside of it, but did not force his way in. Then he returned to the railroad, and meeting Constable Ohnmacht, savagely assaulted him, beating him so severely that he has not been able to leave his house since. Then, finding a club, he went to the Railroad House, and assaulted Mr. Woodruff—Mr. Bertram's son-in-law. After that he went home and to bed."

That fellow beats Harry Blake all to pieces. If it's the custom in Rome to do as the Romans do, they must have pretty lively times up there. Mike deserves to get pictorially illustrated, with all the thrilling incidents and scenic effects thrown in.

HUMORS OF THE LATE ELECTION.—Wending our weary way homeward at a late hour one night, after the last bit of "local" copy had been set and the last proof read, we came upon an individual clinging affectionately to a lamp-post. He was inebriated. We asked him what he was doing there, and he replied, "Waiting for 'lection 'turns—can't go home till know who's 'lected; got ten dollars bet that Se-(hic)-Sewarth 'll beat Wadsmour. Got any 'turns from (hic) Newburg? No? Guess Newburg zall right for Seworth (hic). 'Rah for Seworth! N'ork State 'll go license, sure—N'ork State 's a good feller—so 's Seworth—I'm in favor 'f (hic) telling our erring sizzers to go in peace—Seworth is, too—erring sizzers 's good feller—don't want to zasperate erring sizzers; I'd let 'em go; so'd Buvanjonren; so'd Seworth; so'd Ben Wood—bet he would. Les send olive branch to erring (hic) sizzers. Easy 'nough to stop the war; let erring sizzers keep house for us—that's wa's the matter. 'Rah for Seworth and for erring sizzers! Has 'lection 'turns brought any telegraph office? Has erring six (hic) sizzers carried any States in New Jersey? Tell us the news, can't ye?"

SURE ENOUGH.—An irate old stage coachman, descanting upon the relative merits of the "road" and the "train," thus expressed himself: "If a stage coach gets a hupset, or, may be, loses a wheel, vy you gets a fall and bruises yerself, or, may be, breaks a limb—but there ye are; ve sees yer and ve picks yer up, and conveys yer t' hospital. But them railway concern—meet with a accident there, and all I axes is, vhere are yer?"

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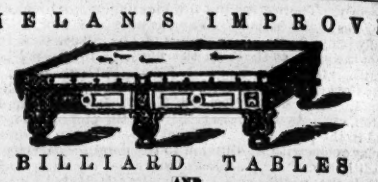

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